.etter from a Hearst Striker — PAGE

new Masses

MARCH 3, 1936 15c

I Broke with La Guardia

By CONGRESSMAN MARCANTONIO

Poland's Masses Prepare

By JOHN L. SPIVAK

How Spain Went Left
AN EDITORIAL

Relief from Boredom
By ROBERT FORSYTHE

Organizing War Terror
By SEYMOUR WALDMAN

"Ambassador" Arenal

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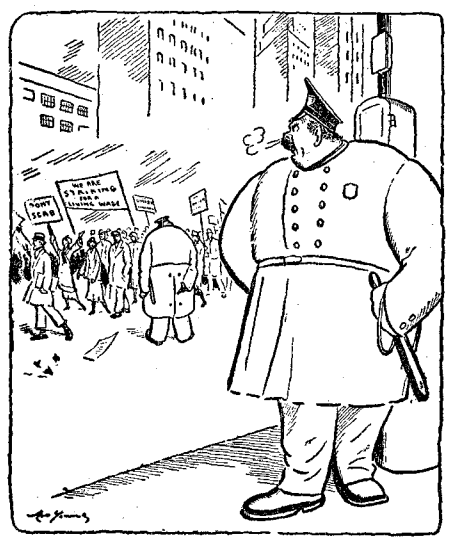
"Why Are You Running This Contest Anyway?"

writes one reader. Frankly, we are running it just to get more subscriptions to THE NEW MASSES. Every magazine spends a certain amount of money for promotion. We decided that this contest would be a good way to stimulate subscriptions at this time. It gives our readers a chance to test their caption writing ingenuity, gives them a chance at winning one of the prizes and brings us a subscription with every contest entry (or, if he is a subscriber already, extends his subscription). It's easy and it's fun. We urge all our subscribers and other readers to enter the contest and induce their friends to do so. This is a powerful means of helping spread the influence of THE NEW MASSES. Every subscription we receive means a further blow against war and fascism!

Cartoon Number One



Cartoon Number Two

Cartoon Number Three

Here's How!

First prize $1,000
Second prize $250
Fifty prizes of $5 each

All you have to do in order to have a chance to win the $1,000 first prize or one of the other fine prizes is simply to write a title for each one of the three cartoons appearing on this page, and mail them in to THE NEW MASSES Contest Dept., Box 76, Madison Sq. Station, New York, N. Y., together with $1 for a 10-weeks' subscription to THE NEW MASSES. If you are now a subscriber you may either extend your own subscription for 10 weeks by sending us $1 and entering the contest, or you may have THE NEW MASSES sent to a friend of yours for 10 weeks and enter the contest yourself. You may send as many sets of titles as you wish, provided each set is accompanied by a $1 10-weeks' subscription to THE NEW MASSES.

—RULES:—

1. Anyone (except employes of the New Masses or their families) is eligible to enter the title contest.
2. The contest opened January 23. Titles must be received at the New Masses Contest Dept., Box 76, Madison Sq. Sta., New York, on or before April 15, 1936. Awards will be made as soon after the end of the contest as the titles can be considered by the judges.
3. You need not use the attached coupon, although it is most convenient, but in order to be eligible in the Title Contest, your subscription for 10 weeks for the New Masses with $1, the subscription price, must accompany the titles you submit.
4. In case of a tie of two or more, then the judges will ask for a competitive twenty-five-word descriptive essay on the three cartoons. Their decision on the essays will be final.
5. The title winners, by acceptance of the prizes, unconditionally transfer to the New Masses all rights to the winning titles.
6. The judges will award the prizes on the basis of the best set of titles submitted. Their decision will be final. No additional cartoons will be printed in the contest. All you need to enter is right here.

The Judges are: MICHAEL GOLD, Editor of the New Masses; ROBERT FORSYTHE, Noted Satirist GARDNER REA, Famous artist

M 33

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new Masses

MARCH 3, 1936

Killing Your Vote

ASSEMBLYMAN HAROLD C. OSTERTAG, up-state Republican and American Legionnaire, has introduced a bill into the New York legislature which would take the minority parties off the ballot at election time.

Last year, a similar bill was introduced into the legislatures of twenty-six states. Identically worded, sponsored by the American Legion and the Hearst press, it became law in Delaware, Indiana, Arkansas and Tennessee. The law as it stands in these four states provides that

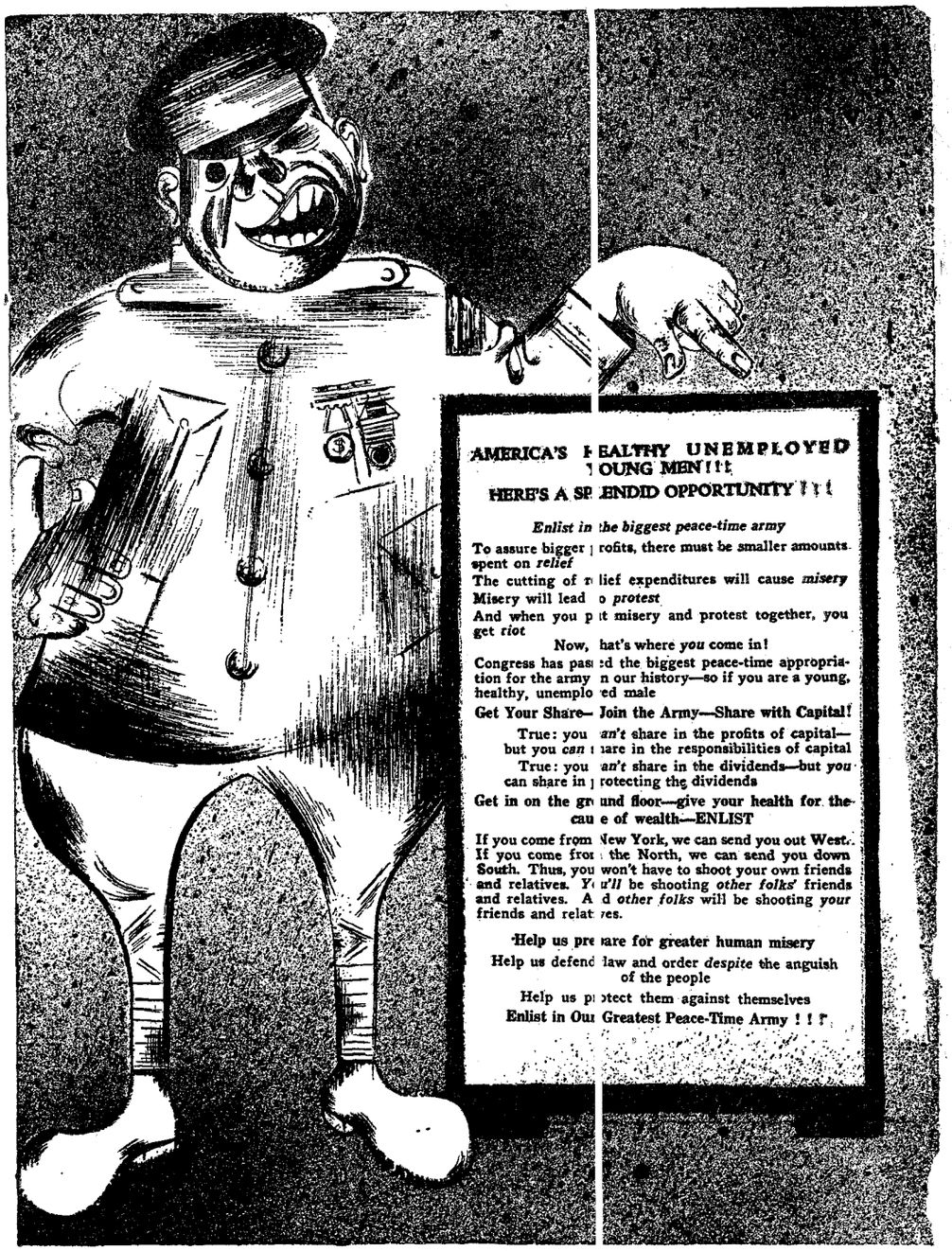
> no political party, individual or candidate of any group shall be recognized and given a place on the ballot which advocates the overthrow by force or violence, or which advocates or carries on a program of sedition or of treason by radio, speech, or press, of our local, state, or national government. No newly-organized political party shall be represented on the ballot until it has filed an affidavit by its officers, under oath, that it does not advocate the overthrow of local, state or national government by force or violence. . . .

The law is without precedent in American history. No political party has ever been barred from the ballot merely for its alleged views or principles. The language of the law is so loose that almost any minority party opposed or feared by big business could be deprived of the ballot. This would include not only Socialists and Communists but a Farmer-Labor Party, too.

"Force and violence" and "sedition" are vague terms. Worse than that, the election officials *alone* are to pass on what these terms mean. No judicial process is provided by which workers, farmers and progressive middle-class people can fight for their right to vote for their own candidates.

The fact is, that no party advocates "force and violence" or "treason." These are the bad names which entrenched power and greed calls its opponents. That term might have been applied to Republicans in the slave-holding South and to Democrats in Bloody Kansas. Election officials in four states are now at liberty to declare supporters of *any* progressive party "seditious."

The Ostertag bill pending in the New York Assembly has the same object as the laws already on the statute books of four states. It would disfranchise all those opposed to reaction. Everyone interested in democratic government should do his utmost to see that the Ostertag bill and similar bills elsewhere are killed.


AMERICA'S H EALTHY UNEMPLOYED
YOUNG MEN!!!
HERE'S A SP ENDID OPPORTUNITY!!!
Enlist in the biggest peace-time army
To assure bigger profits, there must be smaller amounts spent on relief
The cutting of relief expenditures will cause misery
Misery will lead to protest
And when you put misery and protest together, you get riot
Now, that's where you come in!
Congress has passed the biggest peace-time appropriation for the army in our history—so if you are a young, healthy, unemployed male
Get Your Share—Join the Army—Share with Capital!
True: you can't share in the profits of capital—but you can share in the responsibilities of capital
True: you can't share in the dividends—but you can share in protecting the dividends
Get in on the ground floor—give your health for the cause of wealth—ENLIST
If you come from New York, we can send you out West. If you come from the North, we can send you down South. Thus, you won't have to shoot your own friends and relatives. You'll be shooting *other folks'* friends and relatives. And *other folks* will be shooting *your* friends and relatives.
Help us prepare for greater human misery
Help us defend law and order *despite* the anguish of the people
Help us protect them against themselves
Enlist in Our Greatest Peace-Time Army!!!

Words by Kenneth Burke, Drawing by Gus Peck

Stop Thief!

WHEN the United States Supreme Court ruled that the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. were unconstitutional, millions of Americans felt that these decisions were reactionary. The Court was invalidating laws passed by the elected representatives of the people whenever these laws benefited certain sections of the workers and poor farmers.

A widespread desire became manifest to restrict the powers which the Supreme Court had usurped. Nine judges appointed for life with no responsibility to the electorate, nine men irrevocably committed to the preservation of the status quo and to the interests of the big bankers and industrialists, had compelled Congress to abdicate its legislative powers. As one tory decision followed another, it became obvious even to the Bourbons that the Supreme Court was provoking a revolt against its autocratic regime. The widespread demand to curtail or

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abolish the legislative powers of the Court threatened to become an important issue in the forthcoming presidential elections.

This compelled the reactionaries to throw a smoke-screen around the Court. They had to disguise its real character and to render more effective the time-worn pretense that the nine appointed judges constituted an "impartial" tribunal for the preservation of the Constitution.

The attempt to give the Supreme Court a coat of liberal paint is part of the concerted effort of big business to break down all opposition. It is essential for big business that the Court shall have unrestricted power to determine the laws of the country. Such representative government as may exist must be rendered impotent lest the awakened American people act in their own interests through Congress.

THE "liberal" mask which the Supreme Court has now put on is the T.V.A. decision. The New York Times drove the point home immediately after the decision was announced.

> Not the least of the T.V.A. decision's excellencies [The Times said editorially] is that it may help to dispel the foolish notion that the Court is composed of nine old men bent on imposing their will on Congress and writing their private prejudices into the Constitution.

This is the political moral which the tories have drawn from the three most ecent decisions of the Supreme Court, idely hailed as 'liberal." It would most seem as if the Court had gone ut of its way deliberately to spike the gitation against its autocracy. But the three recent decisions are 'liberal" only on the surface.

In the T.V.A. decision the Supreme Court carefully avoided passing on the constitutionality of the government's selling electricity to urban and farm consumers. Furthermore, the Court did not uphold the right of the government to employ the prices of electrical power established by government projects as a yardstick for the prices charged by the private utility companies.

What the T.V.A. decision did uphold was the government's right to use its war-time power to develop and protect navigable rivers and to build dams along them for *war purposes*.

The T.V.A. decision declared that the government had a right to build the Wilson Dam. That dam is located in the vicinity of large nitrate deposits. The dam enabled the government to exploit those deposits to the best advantage for the making of explosives. The "liberalism" of the Supreme Court's T.V.A. decision means no more—and no less—than that the nine old men have given their judicial blessing to further war preparations.

The T.V.A. in no way endorses government ownership of public utilities. It does not sanction government competition with the Power Trust. Nor has the Court admitted that the T.V.A. project as a whole is constitutional. The Court has yet to decide this and the private utility companies will be busily engaged in obtaining a decision favorable to them.

There can be no doubt that the Roosevelt administration prepared the defense with the deliberate purpose of reducing the argument before the Supreme Court to the narrowest of legal hairlines. The result has been a technical victory, useful for election purposes; and the administration also has the formal excuse for confining its T.V.A. activities within the limits set by the Supreme Court—limits which coincide with the aims of the Power Trust.

SIMILARLY, the ruling in the Borden milk case grants small companies selling unadvertised brands of milk the right to market their product at one cent below the price of advertised brands. This *seems* to be a direct concession to the small producer. Actually, the decision allows companies which did not sell unadvertised brands at the time the law was passed to enter that business now in order to undersell the advertised brands. It allows a monopoly company like Borden's to compete with its own product, thereby crushing all of the unwelcome competition from the smaller producers. The big company, with its unlimited finances, can conduct a price war that will eliminate the small producer. It can keep the milk market for itself by cutting prices on its advertised brand with its own unadvertised brand. All that the Supreme Court has done has been to safeguard the monopoly interests of the milk trust in a roundabout manner.

IN THIS light, the decision on the Louisiana newspaper tax also assumes new meaning. The ruling prohibits taxing a newspaper with over 20,000 circulation more than its small competitors. The Court invoked the constitutional amendment which forbids the abridgement of freedom of the press. In the famous Danbury hatters' case the judges cited the law against trusts to destroy a trade union; in the Louisiana newspaper case the Court used the amendment guaranteeing freedom of speech to protect the rich press.

The ruling means in effect that when newspapers are taxed, those with big circulations and big incomes cannot be taxed at a different rate from those with small circulations and small incomes. The Court thus declares itself against a tax proportioned according to income.

The decision specifically refers to the Gitlow case of 1925 in order to make it clear that freedom of the press has its limitations under a social system dominated by finance capital. The significance of this ruling is that the actual law-making body of the land defines freedom of expression to *exclude* labor papers critical of the status quo.

Long ago, Thomas Jefferson warned that the federal judiciary was "an irrepressible body . . . working like gravity by day and night, gaining a little today and a little tomorrow and advancing its noiseless steps like a thief over the field of jurisdiction."

Seen in their true meaning, the three recent decisions can only serve to stimulate the campaign for curtailing the powers usurped by the Supreme Court. Those powers continue to be used under one disguise or another in the interests of finance capital, against the interests of the majority of the American people.

News from France

RAOUL DAMIENS, correspondent of THE NEW MASSES in Paris, cables us:

The dissolution of the Royalist organizations is proceeding rapidly. Their headquarters throughout France have been shut down by the authorities and their meetings prohibited. Members of Royalist groups who are caught wearing their insignia are haled into court as common lawbreakers.

Similar action is being taken against other fascists. Jean Renaud, president of the Solidarité Française, founded by the perfume magnate Coty, has been charged, like the royalist Maurras, with incitement to murder of deputies who favored sanctions.

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Paul Reynaud, finance minister in the Tardieu cabinet, now warns the governing class of France that "fascism will be the grave of the bourgeoisie."

France has already had an indication of the methods which will be used in the present legislative campaign. The People's Front nominated the Communist Clamanus as its sole candidate for the Senate in Laval's Seine district. In an attempt to break the United Front, the reactionaries offered their nomination to a member of the Party of Proletarian Unity. He rejected the nomination, keeping the People's Front intact. Clamanus was elected.

Our correspondent's cable brings good news. But the present retreat of fascism is no indication that the danger is over. Hitler's fortunes were pretty low when German finance capital called him to power.

Thomas Jefferson once observed that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Investigating Townsend

CONGRESS has voted to investigate the Townsend movement. At the same time it voted *not* to investigate the Liberty League.

First, Democrats and Republicans joined hands in passing the biggest peacetime war budget in our history. Now the administration and its tory opponents have united to fight the movement for old-age pensions.

The alleged reason for investigating the Townsend movement is that it contains graft. Very likely that charge has some basis. Capitalist society opens every mass movement undisciplined by the conscious proletariat to some graft.

But certainly the members of the Townsend Club do not need the aid either of Tammany Hall or the Liberty League to protect them against graft. If that evil exists, the Townsend clubs ought to get rid of it themselves by democratic methods. When Republican and Democratic politicians become solicitous about other people's graft, you may be sure there's something else at stake. The proposed investigation is a smoke-screen for finance capital's war against the popular movement for old-age pensions.

The NEW MASSES has already made it clear that it supports this movement with necessary reservations. The desire of the Townsend clubs for *old-age pensions* is a healthy desire. However, the transaction tax of financing old-age security would place the burden upon the aged themselves and upon America's *working population*. It is in effect a sales tax which would soak the producer when he appears on the market as consumer.

Old-age pensions should be financed by the bankers and industrialists whose wealth comes from the labor of th men and women deserted in their ol age. Tax big individual incomes, big corporate incomes, big accumulated fortunes.

Obviously the Townsend Plan will not cure all the evils of capitalism. But no one can deny that old-age pensions are necessary; and the popular movement for such pensions is what the Liberty Leaguers and Roosevelt "liberals" are attacking through a Congressional investigation.

Big business is also against the Frazier-Lundeen Bill which provides social insurance for old age, unemployment, maternity, sickness, to be covered by taxes on large incomes. On the other hand, all progressive forces in America will support the Frazier-Lundeen Bill and a modified Townsend plan with the transaction tax eliminated in favor of a tax on bankers and industrialists.

The Democratic and Republican politicians in Congress would never have risked an assault upon the Townsend movement in the midst of a presidential campaign if we had a national Farmer-Labor Party uniting all forces favoring adequate old-age pensions.

Roger William

IF AT this writing, Roger Williams were to rise from his grave and appear in the state of Massachusetts he would be put under arrest according to the terms of a 300-year-old law still on the statutes. There is a move to repeal it in deference to the tercentenary soon to be celebrated by the neighbor state of Rhode Island which is still officially proud to acknowledge this great fighter for human freedom as its founder.

The ban on Roger Williams will probably be removed; and with it will probably go the ban on his libertarian writings. What is less likely is that the anti-blasphemy statute of 1694, a companion piece of the repressive acts of the clerical upper-class oligarchy in the Pilgrim colony will go at the same time. Old laws no matter how absurd or dead in their original sense are useful to the ruling class. Under this law there have been four indictments in the last ten years. The victims include the Communist labor writer Anthony Bimba and the liberal Horace Kallen who was arrested for saying that if Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists so was Jesus Christ.

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Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1936, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be printed without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. THE NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers in prose and verse, and of artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. THE NEW MASSES pays for contributions.

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How Spain Went Left

TO UNDERSTAND recent events in Spain culminating in the spectacular victory of the People's Front in recent elections, it will be helpful to view it in a retrospect of events since the 1931 revolution.

In April, 1931, the portly dictator Primo de Rivera and King Alfonso, royal ornament of the Deauville beaches, left Spain in a great hurry. The nation joyously returned to a republican form of government, adopting a radical constitution. The government was declared to be one of *all the workers;* land was promised to the landless peasantry; Catalonia, the most highly-industrialized province of Spain and culturally a distinct nationality, was to receive autonomy; the Church wealth which, in Spain, includes banks and industrial investment, was to be confiscated and its power curbed; education was to be free and secular; and labor was to be granted illimitable economic and social benefits.

This government "of all the workrs" (but with no workers in the administration) soon proved to be another government of the bourgeoisie. Though it was a great advance over the semi-feudal monarchy which it displaced, it demonstrated again the folly of looking to members of the exploiting classes to govern in the interests of he exploited. Few of the rights fought or by the Spanish workers in 1931 nd promised in the constitution were ealized. The central question of the redistribution of the land was left unsettled. The landless peasants remained bound by feudal survivals and were further hit by the world depression whose effects are especially severe in agricultural countries. Unemployment spread in the industrial districts. The professional classes were similarly in distress. Thus almost all elements of the population met with disappointment.

In the growing disillusionment there was soon to be noted a political drift to the Right. In this turn the workers who believed in political action—unfortunately a large section of the Spanish proletariat was in the anarcho-syndicalist trade union, committed to a policy of non-participation in politics—retained their political loyalties. The drift was chiefly observable among the peasantry and the bourgeoisie.

Late in 1932 the Cortes was dissolved and in the ensuing elections the parties of the Right won the victory. Women, constituting 55 percent of the electorate and casting their first votes, used their ballots to express their disillusionment in the government. The left parties were further weakened by the voting boycott of the anarcho-syndicalist workers, who had been instructed by their leaders "not to vote; politics is a snare."

FASCISM, under the lead of Gil Robles, looked up. Robles tried to find a mass base for his party. To do so he put on the customary demagogic disguise. But he could not keep the mask from falling off. Forced to oppose taxation measures which would have been levied upon landholders, industrialists and the Church coupon-clippers, he had to show his true face.

On the other hand, labor was alert and militant. Tentative moves toward fascist dictatorship and restoration of the monarchy met with paralyzing general strikes and terrifying mass demonstrations. The parties of the Right were no more able to check the depression and even less concerned with alleviating suffering than their predecessors. Popular discontent was inflamed by fear of a fascist coup. The situation was explosive and early in October, 1934, the spark was applied when Robles entered the ministry, obviously to prepare the way for fascism.

The response of the workers was general strike and insurrection. The movement was strongest in the mining region of Asturias where a united-front movement had already been initiated into which Communist workers had been admitted a short time before the outbreak. In Catalonia, the industrial key of the country, there were revolutionary uprisings as well, but here the situation lay in tragic confusion. To a large extent the revolutionary energies of the people had been channeled into nationalist aspirations, under the control of bourgeois politicians. The labor unions were predominantly anarcho-syndicalist; apart from their ruinous doctrine of abstaining from political action, they had alienated the masses by ridiculing the nationalist movement as a mere geographical exchange of politicians. Their leaders ruled against participation in the uprising and were of such effect in aborting it that they received public praise from government officials. Nevertheless many anarcho-syndicalist workers defied their leaders and joined the united front Workers Alliances.

However, these factors made success impossible. Before the revolutionary movement could organize itself the autonomous government had capitulated to the regiments from Madrid. The workers, unarmed, deserted by their leaders and left isolated by the allies they had counted on, dispersed.

Anarcho Syndicalism paid for its unrealism. It was so discredited that its newspaper was discontinued for lack of readers. Its leaders again and again attempted lame defenses of their stand, but it was evident that in the test of the 1934 uprising their policies had proved to be failures. That, among bitter lessons, was all the salvage from the wreck of the revolutionary movement in Catalonia. That political non-action is an unconscious collaboration with the class enemy, that the vacillating Right-Socialist leadership had the same outcome and that a disunited working class brings misfortunes upon itself—these were the lessons.

Asturian Victory

ON the other hand the courage, discipline and tenacity of the Communists were so conspicuous in this tragic period that Communists gained the confidence of the other workers. The immediate growth of the United Front was, in large part, due to this and the rise of Communist representation in the Cortes from one to fourteen deputies is another evidence of the impression the activity of the Communist Party made on the people of Spain.

While the revolt was collapsing in Catalonia, the miners of Asturias were winning victories. Here the workers had been organized with the peasants in united front Workers Alliances which as soon as they seized power at once functioned as Soviets. They instituted so orderly a government that even their enemies were compelled to

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OOPSIE DAISY!

Russell T. Limbach

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pay reluctant tribute. The movement was well prepared. The workers of an arms factory distributed weapons to the revolutionaries. Public buildings, railway stations, telegraph and telephone centrals, power houses, radio-stations and important factories were occupied and the armed workers put in military disposition. After the Catalonian fiasco isolated them and enabled the government to concentrate all its forces against them, they held out for days against superior and trained forces. They gave stirring examples not only of heroism and discipline, but of excellent military tactics. Though at last overwhelmed, they revealed that a similar unity and preparation in Catalonia would have carried the revolution through to success. In their Soviets they had shown a capacity for organization and order that indicated that the only class in Spain capable of ruling was the working class.

The Repression

THE repression which immediately followed showed that the Right parties had the reactions of terrified easts. An orgy of cruelty unexampled ven in our epoch of fascist reaction de-auched Spain. Prisons were crowded with those whom the overworked firing squads could not take care of. The atrocities were so revolting that they disgusted sections of the bourgeoisie. It was soon apparent that the Right had overreached itself. It rubbed its loody hands and boasted that it had estroyed the power of the workers. ut it celebrated too soon. The pro-etariat was not prostrated. Even in the midst of the terror they struck against wage cuts and they demonstrated against the executions and imprisonments; the I.L.D. carried on in defense of civil rights; unity with liberal groups on this issue was vigorously promoted.

Since October, 1934 the labor movement in Spain has reorganized itself. On the issue of amnesty for the 30,000 political prisoners it has been possible to draw in all the progressive elements of Spain in a broad United Front movement. The Socialists and Communists together with many anarcho-syndicalist workers have drawn closer together.

Even before the October uprising the Communist youth organizations had come to forms of united action that approached organic unity and the delegates of the Spanish Socialist Parties had proposed united front action with Communists at the Socialist International. In the heat of revolutionary action all sorts of fraternization had developed, cooperation between workers and farmers, and fraternization with the troops, who were largely of peasant origin. As a matter of fact, the government had been so fearful of this that it had made large use of Moroccans and other colonial troops and had given them license practically to avenge on the workers of Spain the outrages of the Spanish imperialists in their own countries. On the part of the workers and large masses of the peasants there was a strong development of revolutionary feeling; and on the part of the progressive elements of the petty bourgeoisie there was a deep resentment and scorn of the bestial and hysterical conduct of the parties of the Right.

On that side the glow of victory soon faded. The bloc was an unstable one. It included monarchists and anti-monarchists, fascists and those who felt that bourgeois interests in an incompletely developed industrialism like Spain would be better served by a bourgeois democracy. Economic interests were at variance; native industrialists were opposed to the agents of foreign concessionaires; landholding interests were opposed among themselves and were in further opposition to the industrialists.

And organic unity was impossible among them. The church interests were the core of the fascist movement, but that prevented fascism from acquiring a mass-base in view of the traditional distrust and hatred for the church among the masses of workers. Incapable of resolving these contradictions, the reactionary bloc was still more helpless in coping with the desperate economic situation. It scarcely made any move to a solution beyond further attacks on the living standards of the workers, which produced further setback to the national economy.

The reaction poured money into military preparations hoping to divert attention from domestic miseries by preparing imperialist adventures in the Mediterranean and Africa. Support fell away from the Right parties. Their weakness was indicated by no less than five governmental crises involving changes of ministry following their apparent triumph in October, 1934. Finally the government could no longer avoid holding elections whose results have heartened the labor movement throughout the world.

February Elections

WHAT was achieved in the February elections? First, all the progressive elements in Spain were mobilized in what appears to be a permanent front against fascism. Second, the unity of the working class seems to be close to full achievement. Third, this unity to an increasing degree is drawing in the peasants. Fourth, the movement is alert and watchful. In the events following the elections the workers did not wait for the amnesty of the political prisoners to come as an offering of bourgeois politicians. They forced its immediate enactment. Fifth, the isolation of the anarcho-syndicalist workers from their comrades is ending. The lessons of the October uprising, now reinforced by the results of the elections, show conclusively that every form of political action is a necessity for the working class. Finally, the Socialists have also been taught at the polls as well as in the revolution, the power and the vital need of working-class unity. Even the Right Socialist, Prieto, while continuing his opposition to the militants, admitted that the election proved the value of the united front to the working class. To the rank and file the proof is so overwhelming that the left Socialists have the sway. Their leader, Largo Caballero, speaks openly for a proletarian dictatorship. His followers acclaim him as the Lenin of Spain.

What course will events take in Spain? The next great issue will probably be the land question. The bourgeois revolution has not yet been completed in Spain. Feudal forms of land tenure still persist. The land has not yet been returned to the peasants as the constitution directs. The Socialists have stayed out of the ministry presumably to have freedom of action in case the Azana government makes no attempt to redistribute the land. If this is not done then there may be a revolutionary movement to accomplish it in the course of which the revolutionary drive of the peasants will be joined with the revolutionary drive of the workers fighting for a proletarian dictatorship, and will prove as irresistible as the same alignment proved to be in Russia.

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Letter from a Hearst Striker

With a police patrol surrounding the Hearst-owned Wisconsin News and armed guards inside, twenty-nine editorial employes on strike maintain their picket line before the plant. They are receiving the support of organized labor, of liberals and middle-class organizations in their fight for a five-day week, closed shop, increased wages and other basic demands. This is the first strike conducted by the American Newspaper Guild which affects a national chain — a chain owned by William Randolph Hearst and boasting the largest circulation in America, a chain in which all employes face abuses similar to those now resisted by the strikers of The Wisconsin News. Hearst practises what he preaches: the same anti-labor policy that pervades his papers he exercises against his employes. For obvious reasons, the striker whose article appears below cannot sign his name.—THE EDITORS.

MILWAUKEE.

WALKING on the picket line the other morning, feeling that old sixteen below zero breeze biting through my pants' legs, I got to thinking things over about this strike. There I was, right downtown in Milwaukee where I was born and have always lived, walking in a picket line, carrying a sign that says, "Reporters on strike for a living wage." Walking up and down in front of the plant of The Wisconsin News, where right now I would be inside snug and warm (bad ventilation, by the way) pounding out copy a mile a minute. But never in my life have I done anything that I feel so right about as going out on this strike. You see, I've always been what they call a reactionary. And here, it seemed to me, I was having things pop into my head that ought to be thought only by a Bolshevik.

Right in front of me walked one of the finest newspaper women I have ever known. From the way she was trying to pull her head down deep into her shoulders, I could tell she was freezing. Upstairs on the fourth floor some dumb or conscious scab was sitting at her mill this minute. I knew how she loved The Wisconsin News. She worked for it, on a 24-hour-a-day call basis, for fifteen years. I remembered what she had said to me when we took our strike-vote:

> Bill, you know the thought of walking in a picket line against my own paper just gives me a bad feeling in the stomach—but I'm going to go on strike and I'm going to stay on strike if Hearst thinks that after all these years of working for him with all our strength and heart, he can thumb his nose at us and all the rest of the boys and girls in this Guild all over the United States. Being a member of the Guild, feeling myself doing something for the welfare of everybody in our profession, has given me a kind of loyalty—like nothing I've ever felt in my life.

In four days this strike has taught me more than I could ever have learned in forty years of newspapering. It taught me really to understand and love my fellow workers, and it taught me how to hate. One or two of the men I thought my best friends have let me down and that hurt. I never did like the word scab, but I use it now for those fellows that once I would have backed to the hilt. It isn't because I feel they hurt me personally by scabbing; but it's the thought of their selling out to this Hearst with his hundreds of millions and letting down their own people.

If you have not worked on a Hearst paper, it'll be hard to get across to you what kind of hope we've built up around the American Newspaper Guild. Many of us in that picket line have been fired, one, two or more times. Why? Just because Hearst, for no reason anybody could figure out, would lop off some managing editor. The new managing editor then ran out half the staff and brought in his own buddies.

The Milwaukee Journal and The Milwaukee Leader pay reporters an average of $50 a week. Hearst paid some of us $15 a week and only two men on the whole staff got over $50. The Journal has an average of $60 for copyreaders. One of ours got $18.05, and the average is around $35. Talking about averages, we dug out government figures and learned we were getting less than the newspapers men of any other large city in America. Besides that, we do the work that any decent publisher would hire almost twice as many people to do.

Of course we asked for raises. Cuts are what we got. One of the boys now on the picket line was cut $30 at a stroke, and that was only a beginning. (You see, there was a day when Hearst thought it politic to pay fairly decent wages, but it's a long, long day ago.) We got cut in the last five years from 40 to 60 percent. The N.R.A. put us on a five-day week which they took away from us for a Christmas present last year. Now it's six days a week, for the same pay.

You should have seen the way our executive board worked over our demands. For weeks and months they were at it, two, three nights a week till past midnight, polishing the thing up, making sure nothing was left out, nothing unreasonable stuck in. When they had done, we were almost tired waiting, but we had to admit it was a neat job. "Get us that and we and all newspaper men are indebted to you for life." Now we didn't expect to get it all, but the closed shop, the minimum scale and the dismissal bonuses we knew we had to get.

We believed in John Black, our front-office man, and we still want to. But what we couldn't understand was why Black fronted for Hearst. He got $22,000 a year for doing it, and at that figure you can put on quite a good front. We submitted our contract, lit a smoke and leaned back. So did John Black and so did Hearst. For two weeks everything seemed okay. They got up a little "Publishers' Committee," pulling in executives from the other two Milwaukee papers. They met with us. We talked. Then, the third week Black said:

> I can tell you fellows now what I couldn't tell you before, there won't be any signed contract. There won't be any agreements. It's perfectly in order for you to come in and make suggestions. Some of them might be good; if I think so, they may even be adopted as company policy. But as far as contractual relations with our editorial employes, we feel that would be most unwise, would certainly tend to stifle the newspaperman's creative urge.

We took that back to the boys and girls and we came back to the conferences, again and again. But the stone wall had been set up. One day they suddenly threw out a handful of raises, from $1.65 to $10 a week. Not everybody got them, but most. We took credit for it. But we remembered what happened on the two Hearst newspapers in San Francisco. They got the fi day week back—and kept it three week They didn't have a contract to hold i We wanted an agreement, not sops, not $ or $10 bribes. We told the publisher

Our Guild unit told the committee to call a strike at its discretion. And that's when our education began. We learned about stool pigeons and "pals" who were willing to sell us out for a $5-a-week bribe. An executive board member gave the tip-of that smashed our first try at walking ou Black called a company-union meeting of th staff and talked long and smooth. We po poned the strike and held a meeting. Th stools and the company-union men were there, and by sub-motions and amended amendments got our forces so confused that they voted not to call a strike.

All this was Friday night. Sunday afternoon those of us who understood the situation met and talked things over. One more chance for the stool pigeons to tip us off, and we knew all was lost. We got twenty-six of the unit's thirty-four members together. They wanted strike. All that night we stayed together, sleeping on the floor, on chairs, sleeping not at all. Early in the morning we called the rest on the phone. Three joined us on the picket line. The others scabbed and joined Hearst.

As I walk back and forth on the picket line, I look at the frayed back of the coat worn by the Workers Alliance picket in front of me. What's he doing there in my picket line? Well, I wouldn't have understood it last week, but I do today.

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Poland's Masses Prepare

JOHN L. SPIVAK

PARIS.

TO BE SENT to prison in Poland as a Communist it is not necessary for the secret police or the courts to prove that you are one; all they need is just to suspect that you have Communist sympathies and they do not trouble about things like charges or a trial. Naturally, under such conditions, the Communist Party is about as deeply underground as it can get. That is why I still chuckle when I think that it was one of the most reactionary newspapers in Poland, one which is virtually a government organ, The Krakow Illustrated Courier, which unwittingly introduced me to the much-hunted leaders of the Polish Communist Party.

When I left for Europe I had not anticipated that I might want to meet Communist leaders in Poland so I had not asked Communist friends of mine to try to arrange such meetings. But after I had been in Poland a while and realized the unrest among both workers and peasants, I began to wonder what would happen should the economic life of the country collapse. In the "fication area," stretching for almost 00 miles along the Polish-Russian border d extending into Poland about 100 to 200 les, there was widespread Communist sym-hy. In industrial regions starving workmen were seizing and occupying factories, nills and mines. The last "election" had been boycotted by about 80 percent of the oters and almost everybody was against the overnment. The country seemed to be in revolutionary ferment and I kicked myself r not having tried to arrange to see a lish Communist leader, for with a country this condition it was important to learn at the Communists were doing and plan-ig to do. Poland, it seemed to me, was a more advanced state of economic dis-tegration than even Italy and Germany.

But, all unknown to me, it seems that opies of a book of mine, *Georgia Nigger*, hich had been translated into Russian, had een sold in Poland and I was somewhat ell known there. I had not been registered ng at the Hotel Europejski when The Krakow Courier telephoned to request an nterview. The charming voice at the other nd of the telephone assured me that I was famous American writer. I thought that ery funny and very flattering and gave the nterview to a princess, Matylda Sapiezanka, ho had turned journalist. I did not realize nat the announcement that I was in Poland study Polish economic and political con-tions was a journalistic and literary event osely approaching the first magnitude!

Two days after the interview was pub-shed, still unaware of the stir I was causing, I went for a stroll along Warsaw's streets and paused in front of a display in the window of the Gebethner and Wolfe bookstore, the largest in the city. I had not been standing there more than a few seconds, staring at the volumes and wondering what Poles were reading, when I became aware of another man beside me who addressed me quietly in German.

"You are Mr. Spivak?"

I must have become hardened to people appearing unexpectedly at my elbow in Germany, for somehow I was not at all startled at being accosted in a land where I knew no one.

"Yes," I said, wondering who he was.

"You are the Mr. Spivak who wrote *Georgia Nigger?*"

"Yes," I said again, this time looking curiously at him.

"And, excuse me, are you any relation to the Mr. John L. Spivak who writes for the American magazine, THE NEW MASSES?"

"I am he," I said again, looking at him with even more curiosity.

"Could we perhaps take a little walk?" he suggested.

"I think we could," I said, "but where to? And, excuse me, too, but who the hell are you?"

"I am a friend," he smiled. "We will just walk on the street. Too many people stop to look at the books in this window."

"Then perhaps we had better go to a cafe and drink a glass of tea," I suggested.

"Very good," he said.

After steaming glasses of tea had been served, I said: "Okay. Now who are you? How do I know you are a friend and what do you want?"

"You are in Poland studying conditions, no? And you are meeting with officials and reactionary journalists and we are afraid that they will fill you with information that is not accurate."

"Who is the 'we'?" I asked.

"The Polish Communist Party," he said quietly, taking another sip of the hot tea.

"To be even suspected of being a Communist is punishable by a long prison term," I said. "Does the Communist Party think what I write is so important that they are risking one of their men?"

"When you hear only one side, you write only one side," he said mildly.

"Well," I laughed, "I agree with you there. Are you authorized to speak for the Party?"

"No; I was told only to find you."

"Who told you?"

"The Party."

"Where did the Party hear that I was in Warsaw?"

"An interview with you was published—"

"Oh," I said, a light beginning to dawn. I had not seen the published interview. "Now what?"

"Perhaps you should meet a friend of mine. You would like?"

"I think so," I said. "Where and when?"

"Tonight, in this cafe?"

THAT night, at the appointed hour, I wandered into the cafe and found the gentleman who had accosted me in the company of another. They were drinking tea and conversing in a very friendly fashion. Neither of them broached the subject of the appointment until we had finished the tea.

"Are you hungry?" asked one of my hosts.

"I could eat—if I have to."

"Then we will go to a restaurant," he said.

In the restaurant, with a bottle of vodka and a platter full of herring and onions and black bread before us, he talked of the differences in degrees of cold between Polish and Russian winters, the climate in America, the delight of a hot glass of tea on a cold winter night and everything except what I had come to hear. Throughout the conversation he eyed me very closely, trying, as unobtrusively as possible, to study my face and expression.

When the herring and onions had been consumed, a goodly quantity of vodka drunk and glasses of steaming hot tea again before us, he said:

"You are interested in the Party work in Poland?"

"Yes," I said, breathing a sigh of relief.

"And what would you like to know?"

I took out a list of questions I had prepared in anticipation of this meeting and showed it to him. He read them over carefully, nodding his head.

"I do not think I am the man to answer these questions," he said finally. "These are questions which must be answered by more important members of the Party. I will tell them about it. I think you should see one of the leaders."

"Very well. I am in your hands. What do I do now?"

"Tomorrow, perhaps we meet in the cafe across the street? I will see what they say. It is not always that they have time so quick."

So on the morrow I appeared at another cafe and we drank tea again for half an hour while a thin drizzle of snow was silently covering Warsaw with a white coat. I waited for my companions to broach the subject, for I had learned long ago that in dealing with the underground movement it is not good to ask questions until you are

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told that you may ask. We sat there, none of us saying very much while I kept wondering how many glasses of tea I would have to drink before I learned whether one of the Communist leaders would see me. Suddenly one of my companions said to me:

"One of the leaders will see you."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "If he could come to my hotel, I could take the notes down on my typewriter and save a lot of time."

He shook his head slowly. "No. The hotel is not good. People see who comes in. We must find a better place. Perhaps we take a walk and discuss it?"

So the three of us took a walk to discuss it. We wandered through dark streets with only an occasional light to reflect the snow which had now blanketed Warsaw. Where we went I had no idea, but I found myself with them on streets so dark and deserted that only an occasional pedestrian was seen; then for the first time I began to wonder whether I was not a little foolhardy. After all, I did not know these people. They said they were from the Polish Communist Party and wanted to give me information but I had no evidence that they were. I had been warned in Germany that the Nazis did not like me, but that they would do nothing to me in Germany for fear of a reaction in America, but that they had a special "murder squad" attached to the Gestapo to deal with people in other lands. Then if anything happened the country where it happened was responsible. And here I was in Poland which was very friendly to Nazi Germany.

While these thoughts were flashing through my mind, the one who had first accosted me in front of the bookstore stopped and said abruptly:

"I must go now. I have an appointment and I must catch the tram car that runs on this street."

He shook hands with us, doffed his hat and remained standing on the corner while the two of us walked on.

We turned a corner and came to a street where cartracks showed faintly under a film of snow. A man stood at a corner apparently waiting for a street car, but as we approached him he turned to us and my companion said:

"Here is our friend. He will answer your questions."

I realized now that the other man who had dropped behind to "catch a tram car" had really dropped behind to see if we were being followed as we approached the spot where I was to meet one of the leaders of the Polish Communist Party. It meant a minimum of fifteen years imprisonment for this man if he should be caught. They took no chances of our being followed.

We shook hands and my companion said:

"I think it is best if we take a walk and talk."

I did not ask who he was; it is one of the things that is not done when you meet underground revolutionary leaders.

The three of us fell in step, walking slowly, speaking in quiet voices like three old friends strolling home after a late dinner.

"First," I said, "let us begin at the beginning. When did the Polish Communist Party go underground; what was its strength then and what is its strength now?"

The Communist leader, who had not spoken a word, even when greeting me with a friendly smile, said in a low voice:

"We went underground in 1919 when we had approximately 4,000 members. Our strength was centered chiefly in the industrial centers. Today our strength is 16,000 members, excluding some 12,000 in the youth movement, of whom about half are Party members. We have also about 10,000 Party members in prison. The 16,000 are those who are working actively in the field."

"When was your biggest gain made and what do you think were its causes?"

"Our biggest gain came in 1927-28 after the Pilsudski putsch. People came to us because of great disappointment in Pilsudski. They thought the Pilsudski putsch a move to the Left, but soon realized it meant fascism. Our gain was not so much in actual Party membership but in the sympathy we aroused among the Polish masses.

"Our Party, of course, was illegal, but there were legal parties which the people knew were Communist-directed which put up candidates for the Polish Parliament. In the election the left parties drew around one million votes, whereas in 1919 our sympathizers totalled a maximum of about 100,000."

"What do you estimate is the number o your sympathizers now?"

"It is hard to say because our legal parties are now illegal.

"There are at present only government-picked candidates. But from various sources and reports, plus the original legal vote, we estimate about 2,000,000 sympathizers in Poland today."

"What made you gain so many?"

"The people's disappointment in independent Poland. The masses actually hoped that the country's independence would free them from capitalism. The agricultural question was not solved and the peasants are restless; the continual oppression of Jews, Ukrainians and White Russians add to the general discontent. Then there is the economic crisis and last but not least our own work among the people."

WE were passing under a street ligh and he turned and looked at m with a pleasant smile. We had wandered t the outskirts of the city and not even th occasional clatter of a passing droshky now disturbed the stillness. The snow under our feet muffled out footsteps so that I had th strange feeling that we were three disembodied spirits in a setting of ghostly whiteness. It was an odd feeling to know tha the secret police would give their right arm to capture this soft-spoken man who talke like a professor delivering a lecture and th he himself never went to bed or awoke the morning certain that on this day he w safe from a prison sentence that was practically a life sentence. I asked him about it

"How thrilling! Yachting in the war zone!"

Ernest Hainsley

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d he said gently: "It is a chance all Communists must take."

The whole terror under which the revolutionary movement worked rose before me against a background of rebelling peasants, workers who seized factories, starving millions. A government that is not afraid of imminent collapse does not go to such extremes. Yet with almost half of its total membership in prison, with only a comparative handful to work under extraordinary difficulties, the "pacification area" was swept with Communist sympathy and Communist propaganda was apparent among the industrial workers. Poland was in a revolutionary temper and the government, weak and leaderless, was afraid; and being afraid, the brutalities inflicted in the prisons upon the Communists who were caught rival those of the German Nazis.

I had learned from a government source that several guards at the prison of Bereza Kartuska had quit their jobs and had recently petitioned the courts for permission to change their names. They wanted to start life anew; they did not want anyone to know who they were, should the Communists get in power. I told him of what I had heard and he nodded. "I guess they were afraid of getting their own medicine," he concluded.

He shook his head slowly and said simply: "We know who they are and we will remember them."

I changed the subject. "How does the party function—as much as you can tell me and how influential is its propaganda and its activities?"

"We are divided into cells, as most underground movements are; but our cells are not so small as in Germany. Ours range from four to as many as ten members and at every cell meeting there is a district representative of the Party who acts as the Party contact. In our cell activities we function the legal parties do, though, of course, have to be extremely careful.

Excluding the Ukraine and Polish White Russia we have seven illegal Party organs: the central theoretical organ, The New Review; the central mass organ, The Red Banner, etc. The circulation all told is about 2,000 and is distributed chiefly among workers in the great industrial centers. Though the circulation seems small you must remember that each copy is read by many people, for it is passed on from hand to hand and the illegal Party press also has a wide circulation among Communist sympathizers. Even with our press illegalized, we manage to reach a great portion of the population."

"The situation in Poland today is very acute. The people are in greater poverty than they have ever been and the government, as near as I can see, is disliked by everybody except a handful of big landowners, industrialists and financiers. So—what will happen?"

He walked on thoughtfully for a while, his head buried a little in his coat collar.

"What I mean," I added when there was no immediate answer, "is whether in a country so poverty stricken and restless the Communist Party is in a position to seize power?"

"No; the Party is not in a position to seize power. If it were it would seize it. The masses are not prepared."

"When will they be prepared?"

"The masses will be prepared when they attack the state. What we Communists are trying to do is educate the people to understand the cause and cure of their misery and poverty. At present we are concentrating against fascism in the hope of forming a government of the United Front. The problem of fascism is the great one today for, though this is a fascist government, its activities can become even more vicious."

"The antagonism of the people against the government was shown when they boycotted the 1935 election. When a people is so opposed to a government doesn't it seem that the time is almost ripe to make an attempt to seize the government?"

"I do not think so," he said thoughtfully. "I see no prospect at the present time of attempting to seize the government—under present conditions. But conditions may change. The proper moment may not come for years and then again it may come tomorrow. We do not know."

"I have just come from Germany and there I talked with a number of representatives of great foreign powers. All of them think a war in Europe is inevitable within the next two or three years. What will the Communist Party of Poland do in the event of war?"

"We will call upon the people to turn the guns given them to fight, against their oppressors. We are bending every effort towards peace, making every propoganda we can, but in the event all our efforts towards peace fail and war is launched, we will turn the war into a civil war. We will say to the people, 'The enemy is in our country, not invading us.' We will not run away from service in the army. We will join and carry on our work within the army.

"We think war will come, but when we cannot say. Polish fascism already has a treaty with Germany and Japan against the Soviet Union. Much depends on conditions. It is possible that due to our work we can stop a war or postpone world war long enough to see the revolution come and thus avoid wars forever."

"What will the Party do if the war is not against the Soviet Union?"

"If the war starts against a country other than the Soviet Union, like a war against Czechoslovakia or Lithuania or wherever it may break out, we shall still say to the people that it is a war which is eventually aimed against the Soviet Union, for efforts will be made to turn the war in that direction. If you observe the international line-up you cannot avoid seeing why I say the next world war is being planned against the Soviet Union. Internationally, Poland is strengthening its alliance with Hitler and is counting upon France as an eventual ally of both Hitler and Poland. Poland and Germany are at present trying to draw France away from its pact with the Soviet Union because France and the Soviet Union together are an invincible power. Poland wants this bloc broken up and is bending every effort to do it.

"Then there is the plan of dismembering Czechoslovakia, giving part to Germany, part to Poland and part to Hungary. Polish diplomacy today is centered upon keeping Rumania from becoming an ally of the Soviet Union in preparation for the planned attack. Polish enmity against Czechoslovakia and Rumania is based upon its efforts to keep them away from a Russian bloc.

"I could go on in great detail, but I think I have made myself clear. Then there are the numerous economic reasons driving these powers towards this planned attack, but these you already understand."

"Are you so organized that you could start a civil war if war broke out?"

"No," he said slowly. "Not at present. It all depends upon when war will break out. What we shall do depends upon conditions at the time, how far we have progressed in our activities among the workers and peasants, the state of the country, the dissatisfaction in the army and many other factors."

The hour had grown late and the snow had now turned to a fine drizzle of rain, making the streets rather wet and sloshy.

"I am grateful to you," I said as we started to walk towards a droshky in some section of the town which now showed a few lights.

"Not at all," he returned quickly. "It is important that America and England, France and the rest of Europe know that we will not let the Soviet Union be attacked."

They took a droshky and went off in one direction while I took another to my hotel and, protected from the fine rain by the hood over the seat, I leaned back, thinking of what he had said. I had the same feeling I had in Germany when I had talked with the underground: they knew precisely what they wanted, and they were biding their time. In Germany, if all peace efforts failed, they planned a civil war in the event of war; in Poland they planned the same.

Many thousands of determined men and women scattered throughout Germany with the authorities not knowing who they are; sixteen thousand in Poland; sympathizers who are to all intents and purposes Communists except that they are not members, in vast numbers. In the last war there were no strongly organized bodies of determined men to carry on propaganda, to start and lead uprisings at home. Such uprisings could bring the next world war to a quick close; it is probably the only hope the world has of shortening the next war.

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MARCH 3, 1936

Why I Broke with LaGuardia

REPRESENTATIVE VITO MARCANTONIO

TWENTY THOUSAND unemployed gathered in Madison Square on Saturday, February 15. They met to protest the cruel and inhuman treatment of W.P.A. workers. They came to exercise their legal right to demand more adequate relief and additional appropriations for the unemployed.

That gigantic demonstration in Madison Square ended in a fracas between the police and the unemployed. The metropolitan daily press duly noted the fact. But the press ignored the *basic significance* of that demonstration.

More than eighteen months ago, the Mayor of New York City appointed a committee of prominent citizens, headed by the Hon. George Z. Medalie, to make a brief study of relief conditions. This committee investigated the relief situation thoroughly. It reported to the Mayor that the budget for a family on relief was 20 percent below the minimum decent standard of living. It recommended an increase of 20 percent in the budget of all families on relief.

For reasons best known to the Mayor, this report was pigeonholed. Not a single word of comment or criticism regarding this report has come from the Mayor or from anyone directly or indirectly connected with the administration of relief in New York City. The metropolitan press has also been silent about the report of the committee.

We must bear in mind that if adequate appropriations for relief were attempted, there would be new taxes which might fall on the shoulders of the gentlemen who have financial stakes in the distribution of news in New York City. This probably explains why the press has ignored the report of the Mayor's committee on relief. Perhaps it also explains why the newspapers published perverted versions of the W.P.A. demonstration of February 15 and why they obscured the real meaning of that demonstration.

The only people in New York who have even mentioned the report of the Mayor's committee have been the unemployed and their spokesmen. These have insisted at various meetings that the report be recognized and *acted upon*. But the wishes of the unemployed have been ignored. The Mayor has continued to be silent on this vital issue. From this, any ordinary constable with less brains than the Police Commissioner of New York, could very easily surmise that the Mayor would like to suppress any demonstration likely to attract the public's attention to the recommendations of his committee on relief.

In line with this policy, the Mayor and the Police Commissioner arranged the regulations for the protest meetings of February 15 so as to accomplish two purposes. First, to suppress and conceal the true reasons for the demonstration; second, to provoke disorder and so to discredit the demonstration.

The authorities issued two permits to the unemployed. One permit allowed a meeting in Madison Square; the other allowed a meeting at a later hour at 111 Eighth Avenue, in front of the W.P.A. headquarters. Having received these permits the unemployed naturally wanted to get from one meeting to the other. They therefore applied for a third permit allowing them to proceed from Madison Square to the W.P.A. headquarters.

This permit was refused. The authorities said that the snow and mud in the streets might endanger the health of the marchers. This was a funny reason when you consider one of the purposes of the Madison Square demonstration. The unemployed met to protest against the *work-or-be-fired* order issued to W.P.A. workers during the two-day snowstorm which preceded February 15. The Mayor and Police Commissioner were solicitous of the health of the W.P.A. workers when they wanted to march from Madison Square to Eighth Avenue. But the Mayor was deaf to the pleas of these same workers when they protested against Victor F. Ridder's order to work in a blizzard.

At the demonstration in Madison Square, the police notified the marchers that they would not be permitted to proceed either in the street or on the sidewalk to Eighth Avenue. How were the marchers to go from one place to the other? The police knew perfectly well that the only way for the unemployed to get from the first meeting to the second—both officially permitted—was to *walk*. In spite of that, cordons of police four deep blocked the marchers. The police could not help knowing that this would lead to violence. Obviously, this procedure whereby the police provoked violence was deliberately planned. Otherwise, Police Commissioner Valentine ought to hand in his resignation. A one-horse-town police chief could have handled that demonstration better.

The purpose of the second meeting was to petition Congress for adequate relief appropriations. The federal Constitution specifically provides that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

The United States Supreme Court has repeatedly ruled that any order by any local official interfering with this right is unconstitutional, null and void. Under the circumstances I have described, the refusal of a permit allowing the W.P.A. workers to proceed from Madison Square to Eighth Avenue was unconstitutional, null and void

There was only one thing for a believe in civil rights to do and that was to mee the challenge. From my place on the plat form, I urged the unemployed to stand upor their constitutional rights. I advised them to proceed peacefully to the second meeting

I then left the platform and went to th head of the demonstration. Before I had chance to issue any order, the police rushe at us with fists flying. I stood my groun as well as I could. I gave back punch fo punch until I was seized by four policeme and pushed into the police wagon. How ever, I am happy to state for my solicitou friends that I do not show a single mark a a result of that battle.

We were taken to the police station and held there for two and a half hours. Not a police officer in that place uttered a single word. They were as silent as stones because they did not know what to do. They sat there waiting for orders from above.

It took the Mayor and the Police Commissioner two and a half hours to realize that our detention was illegal. They tried to cover up their mistake with the cheap alibi of "protective custody."

The theory of "protective custody" cannot be established in any form of American law. But it *is* the common parlance of Nazi jurisprudence. In trying to think fast for an alibi, the Police Commissioner revealed his real attitude toward American civil liberties. It was a lucid exposure of a Nazi mind.

The metropolitan press ignored this im portant fact and concentrated instead on ... relations between the Mayor and myself. I want to clear up those relations here.

There has been a definite break between the Mayor and myself. But that break did not come about for any personal reasons. My relations with the Mayor were happy until he refused to meet the representatives of the A.W.P.R.A. on the day of the stoppage, until he insisted on revoking the seniority rights of these employes because they participated in the stoppage. It seems to me that even from the viewpoint of an old-fashioned labor leader, the Mayor's action was a cardinal sin against labor.

At the Madison Square meeting on February 15, I acted in accordance with the lessons which the Mayor himself taught me at one time. Many of the economic views which I now hold came from him when he was a progressive congressman representing the district which I now represent.

I shall never forget that autumn day in 1926 when the then Congressman LaGuardia telephoned me at seven o'clock in the morning and asked me to accompany him on a picket line for The International Ladies'

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nent Workers' Union. At that time, courts had issued an injunction against ass picketing. Moreover, the magistrates id ruled that it was a criminal offense to iolate the provisions of an injunction issued n a labor dispute.

But at that time, Congressman LaGuardia elt that such a ruling was illegal. I agreed vith him then, and I still do.

Mr. LaGuardia and I proceeded to the ead of the picket line. There were hunreds of pickets. We had no permission to larch and yet we went ahead and marched hrough the streets. The police rushed at us id lined us up against the wall and waited or the arrival of the patrol wagon. Finally, ne wagon came and with it a high police fficial. That official recognized Congressan LaGuardia and refused to take him in e patrol wagon. The congressman and I re both released.

Am I to be condemned for practising in 936 the lesson which Mr. LaGuardia aught me in 1926? It is said that condiions have changed since then. Yes, they ave changed. Conditions today are much nore acute than they were a decade ago. Today more than ever it is necessary to ght for civil liberties in America. They are ur only safeguard against the establishment of a reactionary dictatorship in America.

This is a far more significant aspect of the Madison Square demonstration than the Police Commissioner's wisecracks about my youth.

In the common phrase of my district, I can no more help having been born on December 10, 1902, than the Police Commissioner can help having been born without brains.

Consider, too, the conduct of the grossly incompetent W.P.A. administrator, Victor F. Ridder. As so often happens in these circumstances, he has attempted to raise the Red scare. Analyze the Red baiters and nine times out of ten you will find that they are administrators who use Red-baiting in order to camouflage their ignorance, stupidity and incompetence.

One of the finest experiences I have ever had in my life was to look out from the platform in Madison Square and to hear twenty thousand unemployed workers singing the Star Spangled Banner. This is the national anthem of the American people. It is not the property of the Liberty Leaguers, but of the liberty-loving workers. They do not give that anthem the lip-service of Messrs. Valentine, Ridder and Company, but treasure it sincerely for its paean to freedom.

The real significance of the Madison Square demonstration lay in the demand of the twenty thousand workers for *jobs and adequate relief*. Everything else falls into insignificance compared to this issue.

The Big Boys do not want demonstrations for adequate relief and for W.P.A. appropriations. In all likelihood, that would mean taxes on their profits. But, suppression or no suppression, the unemployed workers throughout the country are massing in their demand for adequate relief appropriations.

I have introduced a bill into Congress, on which I hope to obtain a hearing, calling for an appropriation of six billion dollars and for the establishment of work projects and work standards.

Let the liberal and the "friend of labor" remember one thing: our fundamental democratic institutions have nothing to fear from unemployed. The American workers love liberty. The attack on democratic institutions will come from the Chambers of Commerce, from the Manufacturers' Association, from the Bankers' Association, from boards of trade, especially of the New York type.

Curtail the civil rights of the American people and you, Mr. Liberal and Mr. Friend of Labor, will be playing directly into the hands of these tories.

What Is the Doctor's Future?

THOMAS J. PETERSON

WHEN eight people are killed in an airplane accident, the event makes all the newspaper heads. A hue and cry is raised to prevent the repetition of such accidents. But every year 50,000 people in New York State die because of lack of medical care, according to a recent statement of the State Commissioner of Health.

It is interesting to note how the leaders of the medical profession view this situation and what they are doing to improve it. The president of the American Medical Association tells us that there are too many doctors, that medical schools should curtail enrollment. Here, in a situation that cries for more trained men, for greater facilities, reactionary leaders advise fewer doctors.

These reactionaries offer a further solution for this critical situation. They would restrict the charity medical and hospital services. They would institute an extensive social service to investigate the financial status of every person who applies for clinical treatment. In other words, funds which might be used for the treatment of the sick would be wasted on an elaborate espionage system. Strangely enough, we find many of the rank-and-file doctors misled by such proposals although the present situation is anything but favorable to them. Let us examine the position of the average doctor today and try to understand his problem.

Society expects the doctor to maintain a certain professional front. He must wear suitable clothes and so must his wife and children. He must mingle with the "best people" in his community. He must have a nice-looking, well-equipped office with telephone service and a nurse. He must carry insurance. He needs a car. The doctor finds it difficult to eliminate any of these items. With rent and clothing and food costs rising, with taxes (including gasoline tax) increasing, his expenses soar skyward.

And at the same time private practice—his sole source of income—constantly narrows. The depression has hit many of his former patients; they are too poor to pay his fee and instead they are forced to visit clinics. In addition large-scale medicine encroaches on private medical practice, removing whole sections at a time. Fraternal organizations, cooperative associations, contract practice attract large sections of the doctor's former clientele to cheaper if quite inadequate medical service. Recently a number of utility companies in New York and Brooklyn instituted a cheap form of medical treatment for about 100,000 employes. This service is dispensed through company unions and is used by the employers as a means of tying workers to the company unions. Nor should we overlook compensation plans which take many surgical cases resulting from industrial accidents from the private practitioner; nor those insurance companies that now maintain diagnostic services.

Thus, the field of private practice rapidly diminishes, especially in the big cities. And these facts explain why in 1933 and 1934 many doctors did not earn enough to cover even their overhead.

Moreover, continual free services are expected of the doctor. Friends, relatives, organizations, everyone demands that he work for nothing. But no "philanthropy" is quite so hard to swallow as the institution known as "clinic and hospital service." Doctors give from six to thirty hours a week *regularly* to hospital service—without pay.

Of course the doctor is not *forced* to work in clinics. But he dare not refuse. To acquire a practice in these difficult times, a doctor must gain the prestige that comes from an association with some well-known hospital. To his patients this means much; to the doctor, it means regular hours in some hospital for nothing per week.

And in consequence the doctor grows embittered: on the one hand the clinic takes huge sections of his private practice; on the other, he is bound in payless servitude to

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these very clinics. Is it any wonder that he often feels a powerful urge to throw the whole mess overboard?

Fortunately, the doctor rarely gives up. The ravages of six years of depression have worn deeply into the physical and mental health of a large part of the nation. A frightening number of people are walking about in America with incipient tuberculosis, early cancer, syphilis, stomach ulcers. Many of them are forced to ignore that slight cough, lassitude, pain or loss of weight which, unless speedily attended to, will lead to disastrous consequences.

THE medical profession and the state have not brought these vital facts to the public; many people still do not understand the importance of early diagnosis by competent doctors. In addition, many patients simply refuse to visit charity clinics, which often are so badly undermanned that patients, some of them acutely ill, must wait as long as three hours before receiving treatment.

The human body has been called the most complex mechanism in the world. In free clinics a doctor is often forced to treat as many as forty cases an hour, just about enough time to each for a "Hello" and a "Goodby." This includes diagnosis as well as treatment.

Such conditions reach their greatest importance not in relation to the economic plight of the doctor alone, but in relation to their effect on society as a whole. Yet public health requires greatly improved and increased hospital and medical services. Every country doctor should have all the facilities that modern science affords to assist him. Nor should this be left to haphazard doles from private charity; adequate state support should pay the physician a salary commensurate with his worth.

However, if the doctor is going to wait for society to do this for him, he will wait a long time, perhaps in vain. The doctor must himself initiate this action.

First, he must change his present attitude toward clinics. To him the clinic is an unmixed evil to be destroyed. He looks back longingly to an earlier period when the private practitioner reigned supreme, when hospitals and clinics were in their infancy, when the foreign invaders — the insurance companies, utility companies and cooperative associations—had not yet made their appearance. In those days the doctor had, to a large extent, his own clinic. He made a living and he could afford to be charitable. To give his time and skill added to his self-esteem and his standing in the community.

Now, every hour he spends in the clinic with no pay not only deprives him of his time, but cuts deeply into his livelihood. No wonder he hates the clinic. No wonder he does not do his best work there. And the doctor has a certain justification: most free clinics are little more than butcher shops, mismanaged, poorly equipped and badly crowded. But this is no argument for their dissolution. Rather it is the most pertinent argument for increasing hospital and clinic budgets. This point is perhaps one that most doctors will not immediately endorse. But if doctors are not to remain in a small, isolated group fighting a losing battle against terrific odds, they must reorient themselves.

The general public needs free clinics because they provide medical treatment which it can not otherwise afford. The doctor needs pay for his professional services. If the doctor supported the working class in its demands for better clinics, for more doctors per clinic, the workers would most assuredly support him in his demand for adequate pay.

For it is clearly to the doctors' advantage to educate the general public to the necessity of greatly expanded and improved hospital and clinic services with increased medical staffs receiving adequate salaries. The fate of the medical profession concerns society at large to a greater degree than that of any other profession. It is of vital importance to society to see that those who are trained to guard health are not forced out of their profession. On the contrary, society must see to it that these men are given every encouragement to study, to increase their skill in the diagnosis and treatment of disease, to improve services which are so essential to the maintenance of civilization.

"All this is very fine," says the doctor, "but who is going to accomplish it? The big-shots who speak in the name of the medical profession would do their damndest to hamstring us. These so-called leaders of 'organized' medicine are hidebound reactionaries, wealthy men, many of them entrenched in highly-paid jobs, utilizing their prestige to gain lucrative consulting practices. Their control of the American Medical Association and the County Medical Societies is autocratic and bureaucratic. They are not concerned with the majority of the profession who are struggling to keep their heads above water. They play ball with the hospital administrations and with the politicians in city and state administrations. So long as they get their share of the gravy, everything is fine and to hell with the rest of the doctors and society too. You can't expect these fellows to fight for pay in hospitals and clinics."

ONE important factor that the discouraged doctor failed to notice: doctors are becoming increasingly aware of class lines within their own profession. Instead of sitting home and calling the County Medical Societies bitter names, they are attending meetings, agitating in no uncertain terms, acting at last in their own interests.

For instance, the Bronx County Medical Society, as a result of tremendous pressure from hundreds of members, recently held a special organizational meeting. This meeting not only supported the principle of organization but began to organize doctors to win pay in Bronx clinics! Militant sentiment of the speakers met enthusiastic response.

This took place despite the antagonistic attitude of most of the leaders of the Bronx County Medical Society. These leaders with high positions on hospital staffs are susceptible to the influence of hospital administrations anxious to keep hospital and clinic costs as low as possible. An occasional leader of the profession realizes the necessity of pay for clinic and hospital physicians by the city or state. But these are few and far between. Actual work must be done by those who feel the pressure of the present situation most—the rank and file.

There are many other medical societies to which doctors belong. Most of them have until recently limited themselves to scientific discussions. Economic discussions are now beginning to have a place on their programs. A few organizations exist which from their origin included definite economic aims as at least part of their programs.

In Manhattan, where the county society is too inert to fight for the doctors' needs, an organization of physicians in clinics has sprung up called the Interhospital Council. Its greatest success has been achieved at Harlem Hospital where it has made several gains for the junior staff physicians. An older organization is The League for Socialized Medicine. Due to the inactivity of this group and the lack of a practical organizational approach, its once large membership dwindled. The fate of the League is similar to that of other organizations which neglect immediate demands of the members in favor of a distant ideal. As far as their program reads—that medicine should be adequately supported by the state and should be administered jointly by committees of the doctors who dispense it and the people who receive it — there can be no disagreement. It is only in the failure to organize *all* doctors that fault can be found. Lately, as the most encouraging development, the Interne Council of Greater New York, in the short period of its existence, has organized most of the internes in New York City and is spreading to other cities. It has already won pay for internes in city hospitals and gained great improvements in educational facilities for internes in many other hospitals. Previously, internes have been absolutely unprotected by insurance in case of accident: a bill now before the New York legislature provides compensation in the event of injury. It is expected that internes in many private hospitals will soon be paid.

The role and function of the doctor in society becomes clearer day by day. His old attitude of passivity must give way to a new progressive outlook. He can wield a tremendous political influence. But first he must become the leading force in this new movement which has as its object not only his own economic betterment, but the welfare and health of society.

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Angelica Arenal, Ambassador

MICHAEL GOLD

BEAUTIFUL Mexico, unhappy Mexico! Was it not the traitorous Calles himself who once said: "When the Mexican revolution needed a traitor, a hundred men stepped forward eagerly for the job?"

Brave, undying Mexico! Crushed to earth a hundred times, its best leaders, like Felipe Carillo and Emiliano Zapata assassinated by the reactionaries! Naive, bewildered, misled, yet rising again and again in its spontaneous manhood! The Mexican revolution for land and liberty begun in 1910 has never been defeated. And this year, when the blue Mexican sky is darkened by a new plague of fascist buzzards, there has been a new and mighty upsurge of the people.

It has taken the form of the United Front —that marvelous weapon world democracy has improvised in its most dangerous hour.

The United Front has swept Mexico, as it has France, Spain, Austria and other countries. It has welded every political group loyal to the Mexican people; and thrown confusion into fascist-imperialist ranks.

This Mexican United Front has just sent its first Ambassador to the United States. She is Angelica Arenal, a young trade-unionist from the printing trades. She is now in New York, raising funds for the Mexican workers' press and publicizing the facts of the Mexican United Front.

This handsome, vital girl of twenty-four speaks an excellent English, though she has never lived in the United States. An Ambassador should have personality, and radiant Miss Arenal, with her blue-black Indian hair, deep, dark eyes and golden complexion flushed with wild-rose, is a fine delegate of Mexican youth.

Yes, it is a new generation; and one that can be trusted to complete at last the tasks of the revolution begun by Madero in 1910.

"THE United Front is always an answer to some great threat to democracy. Was this the case in Mexico?"

"Yes," she said, "of course. For the past year, due to the depression, the employers and landowners had been mercilessly cutting wages. There followed a wave of strikes and, in turn, a wave of repressions. The landowners and industrialists organized fascist bands called the Gold Shirts. These raided workers' meetings and killed some of our comrades. Local militarists and officials sided with them. More and more of us became alarmed. We knew all these familiar signs of a rising Hitlerism. The climax came last November, when former President Calles, once the so-called Strong Man of Mexico, returned from exile.

Limbach

"His very first declaration was to the effect that it was treason for workers to strike and that strikes must be ruthlessly suppressed. He justified the wage-cuts and said they were necessary for the building of Mexican industry. But we knew that there is no Mexican industry to speak of. Most of our industry is in the hands of foreign imperialists, who have something like three billion dollars invested in Mexico, two-thirds of which is Wall Street money.

"It was for these foreign exploiters that Calles was fighting; it was their investments he wanted to protect, even at the cost of mass-murder of the sons of Mexico.

"All the reactionary generals, landowners, foreign corporations and wealthy Catholic hierarchs rallied to Calles. There was open talk of a counter-revolution and a fascist regime to be led by Calles.

"Some 200,000 Mexican workers of every political camp united in convention and named Calles a traitor to the Mexican people. They demanded his expulsion and the breaking up of the fascist bands. It was the first manifestation of the United Front. It has grown since then, until it is the mightiest power in my country.

"The organized workers took the lead, but now the peasant unions, the unions of schoolteachers, professional men, intellectuals, small businessmen, every progressive group in Mexico have joined us whole-heartedly within the United Front."

"There is much agitation in the United States," I informed Miss Arenal, "to the effect that Mexico is persecuting the Catholics. Is this true?"

"It is not true," said Miss Arenal, indignantly. "I know the people who are spreading this propaganda. Their offices are in Al Smith's Empire State Building; Al Smith and the Liberty League are the chief sponsors.

"We are not persecuting the Catholics. How could we, when millions of peasants and workers, still loyal to the Catholic Church, are also members of the United Front?

"It is very significant that Calles, who once closed all the Catholic churches and was bitterly fought by the hierarchs, now has their support. Now that he is an imperialist and fascist, a traitor who became a millionaire out of revolutionary racketeering, they find they can work with him against the progressives. It is not the Catholic masses who are making this outcry against Cardenas. He has given them more land in the past year than they received in twenty-four previous years of the revolution. Cardenas has established decent trade-union conditions and a higher minimum wage. If the Catholic leaders try to take these benefits away, they will find that their own people will desert them. This is not a religious question, but a social and economic one. Just as I am sure your American Catholic workers will not follow Al Smith into the strike-breaking Liberty League, so do I feel sure they will learn to know he is against Mexico, not for religious reasons, but to destroy labor.

"All that we ask is that a clique of reactionary Catholic leaders stop playing fascist politics. Nobody in Mexico is persecuted for going to church; it is only these political reactionaries who are being fought. Is the church really committed to the side of wealth and imperialism? Is fascism the teaching of the carpenter, Jesus Christ?"

"Miss Arenal," I said, "in America there are thousands of good church people who are having their eyes opened to the false priests, rabbis and ministers who worship Mammon. They will help us defend the great, oppressed Mexican people against the intrigues of Liberty League millionaires who use the church for their mask."

"I am sure of it," smiled the young Ambassador from the Mexican people. "Tell your people we are opening hundreds of new schools every day. Tell them we are at last giving the hungry peasants their land. Tell them that all our teachers, artists, doctors, writers are standing side by side with the people. Tell them that we have a progressive government in Mexico and will defend it with our lives. Tell your American people that unless Mexico is freed from the Liberty League, your own beautiful country cannot be free. We have the same enemy and the same new world to win."

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Organizing War Terror

SEYMOUR WALDMAN

THE government of the United States is unmistakably preparing for war abroad. Equally important are its preparations for a terror at home. These two trends cannot be separated.

During the last war, the government smashed the democratic dogma after entering the world-wide conflict. Even before that, of course, the drive against critics of the status quo was severe. Nevertheless, newspapers and meetings could question the Morgan-inspired "preparedness" campaign. After April, 1917, such sanity was brutally punished. Today the reaction is carefully preparing all opposition to militarism *before* war is to be begun, and this organized campaign against civil rights is carried on in connivance with the Roosevelt administration.

Fascism, the twin of war, already casts its shadow across America. Literally, the very same people who are creating the enormous military-industrial machine are the ones who officer and direct the attacks on civil rights and trade-union organization.

Nineteen-thirty-five statistics of terror are significant. Forty-eight workers were murdered in industrial disputes; over 5,000 men and women were arrested in strikes or conflicts involving civil rights. San Francisco, Gallup, Terre Haute, Tampa, Providence, Brawley, Santa Rosa, Minneapolis are to the next war what Ludlow, Paterson and Youngstown were to the last war. But—new times, new methods. Today industrial conflict is on a vaster scale and its connection with imperialist military conflict is more openly recognized.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected President of the United States by millions of voters who expected him to protect "the forgotten man." But shortly after the impressive inauguration speeches, a campaign was launched to crush the rights of "the forgotten man."

Murder, kidnaping, lynching, assault and intimidation—this was the lot of many who tried to exercise the right to organize into trade unions of their own choosing. Free speech and assemblage rights in many towns and cities were rubbed out.

Through it all Roosevelt remained as silent and upright as the Washington monument. The National Labor Board published a special report condemning the widespread suppression of free speech and assemblage in Imperial Valley. The report was buried along with similar government documents. Scores of worker- and poor-farmer delegations called in vain for a hearing at the White House. The Roosevelt smile remained on the movie screen; the mellow, seductive voice continued to rail at "entrenched greed." Nevertheless the terror goes on—and is spreading like wildfire.

The Hearst-inspired axe smashes the Bill of Rights while the Hearst voice screams provocations against the labor movement and demands unlimited war-preparation expenditures. The Morgan crowd terrorizes labor leaders in the feudal towns of Pennsylvania and Tennessee. They direct sheriff-protected kidnapings in Gallup and lead the bloody fight against genuine trade unionism. Morgan steel and ship firms get new war contracts. The Roosevelt Department of Justice refuses to investigate the kidnaping of labor leaders. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the movie-ballyhooed "G-Men," is more interested in sending his agents to the tear-gas division of a new police school. And who runs this school? The labor-hating Lake Erie Chemical Company and the National Rifle Association, an adjunct of the War Department. The War Department's new Basic Field Manual instructions on "Domestic Disturbances" foreshadow the further brutality to which unarmed workers are to be subjected. These instructions supply something besides movie glamor to the "G-Men." They will help coordinate the anti-union activities of big business and the government.

The minority report on the Tydings-McCormack bill, signed by Representatives Maverick and Kvale, described it as "a brash piece of Hitleristic fascism . . . and intended suppression of our Bill of Rights. . . . Who are the people, what are the forces behind this bill? . . . It is the old line-up: the munitioneers and the Chamber of Commerce."

The Chamber of Commerce is behind the Kramer bill, introduced by one of Hearst's California henchmen, which purposes to eliminate free speech under the pretext of legislating against Communism. It provides a five-year prison sentence for anyone advocating the "overthrow of the government." This was the elastic phrase in the various wartime criminal-syndicalist acts which enabled the tories to jail anyone who defended labor's elementary rights.

Representative Celler has led a minority report to the House Judiciary Committee's majority recommendation of the Kramer bill. The Kramer bill "seeks to destroy free speech," he declared. The first peacetime sedition bill since 1797, it "would become an instrument of oppression."

> . . . It would subject the great majority of the American people, particularly the workmen, to the absolute domination of a small minority of powerful and vested interests. . . . The owner of a plant . . . could use the statute for his own fell, selfish purposes. Where he controls local officials he could claim that strikers at his plant were guilty of sedition and were aiming at the

Hard Going (Duro es el paso!) *Francisco Goya (Metropolitan Museum of Art)*

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Flight through flames (Escapan entre las llamas) — *Francisco Goya (Metropolitan Museum of Art)*

> overthrow of Government, whereas in reality higher wages and shorter hours were their goal. Subservient and complacent district attorneys and sheriffs would readily prosecute. . . . There is . . . set up a sort of Fascist concept of law.

Centralized big-business efforts to enact anti-strike and anti-union measures under the guise of "alien and sedition" legislation, Hearst drives to mobilize businessmen's vigilantes, the swift growth of the company union under the New Deal, General MacArthur's reminder to employers that the army "constitutes a rock of stability" against domestic "unrest" — these strikingly parallel the intensified big-business propaganda to strengthen the war machine.

As in the last war, these efforts are accompanied by deceptive demagogy. Under the slogan, "Take the Profit out of War," the war machine is being strengthened under the supervision of the very militarists and bankers who sent American youth to the imperialist slaughter in 1917. President Roosevelt is not interested in taking "the profit out of war." He wants to make war cheaper by preparing industry in advance to operate on a war basis. Consider certain members of the commission appointed to find out how to "take the profit out of war." Bernard M. Baruch, former head of the War Industries Board, Wall Street figure and a leading lecturer at the War College, is chairman of the commission. Next comes General Hugh S. Johnson, draft-act executive under General Crowder and former N.R.A. Administrator. General MacArthur, several Cabinet members and other administration figures make up the rest of the commission. The crudity of the Roosevelt Administration and the press in ballyhooing this commission as an anti-war body moved Senator Nye to remark: "When I view in part the personnel of the commission, I cannot but think how unfortunate it is that Dillinger is dead. He was the logical man to write the anti-crime laws."

WHAT is the significance of the ballyhoo about "taking the profit out of war?" For ten years the American Legion urged "universal mobilization"—that is, laws which, in the event of another war, would "draft the dollar" just as men are drafted. Toward the end of the Hoover administration, Congress created a commission "to study and consider amending the Constitution of the United States to provide that private property may be taken by Congress for public use during war." The commission was also to consider "methods of equalizing the burdens and to remove the profits of war, together with policies to be pursued in event of war."

This War Policies Commission was transformed at birth into a jingoistic debating society. It revealed one of the fundamental facts brought out later by the Nye Munitions Committee. The very same bankers and industrialists who coined fortunes during the last world war are in control of the industrial machine now being prepared for the next one. In spite of itself, this commission laid bare the direct tie-up between the War Department and the exploiters of labor during war and peace.

The War Policies Commission reported to Congress on March 7, 1932, a little over a year after its first public hearings. It recommended a constitutional amendment "to eliminate all doubt concerning the extent of the power of Congress to prevent profiteering and to stabilize prices in time of war." The pretended object was to prevent anyone from receiving a "profit due to the war," that is, anything above the so-called normal rate. This was to be achieved by the imposition of war-time revenue laws taxing individuals and corporations "95 percent of all income above the previous three-year average, with proper adjustments for capital expenditures for war by existing or new industries." But on one very significant point the commission made

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itself clear. It recommended "that no constitutional amendment to *permit the taking of private property in time of war without compensation* be considered by Congress." In other words, the War Policies Commission said that workers, farmers, professionals and intellectuals — that human life — could be drafted. But private property could not be drafted.

The tie-up between industry and the war machine—and the fascist implications involved—is evident in the Nye Committee's terse summary of the War Department plans for conscripting labor in wartime. Under these plans, concluded the committee,

> "there is no question that the Army can break any labor strike. . . . The War Department bills, which have been prepared for adoption upon the outbreak of war, provide in effect that labor can be drafted and that men must either work or fight. It will be entirely within the power of the Government under these bills, to require men to work where they are told and to select any leader of a labor strike and draft them into the military service the moment any strike is threatened. With these powers, and with a whole labor pool to draw on in the form of the conscript army, there is no question that the Army can break any labor strike. As pointed out it is in no similar situation in regard to a strike by capital or management.

War Department industrial mobilization plans, which were presented to the Nye Munitions Committee by General Staff Officer Lieut. Col. Harris, would place the workers under a War Labor Administrator who is to be "an outstanding industrial leader." According to the War Department, it is planned that this Administrator will see to it that the profit incentive of the bankers and industrialists is rewarded with a Department-guaranteed six-percent profit return, while strikes are prohibited, wages rigidly controlled and all union-hour regulations a scrapped.

The General Staff and the industrialists and financiers who dispatch the National Guard to tear-gas, shoot and bayonet strikers on the same day they slide a new warship down the ways, fear that a militant labor movement will interfere with their war program. It is apparent that the war-planners realize military power stems from the working population.

But differing from their war approach in 1917, the bankers, industrialists and the General Staff do not consider it necessary to have an official "labor" front à la Samuel Gompers. For, as explained by the Nye Committee, the War Labor Administration is to include "no direct representative of organized or unorganized labor." This "labor" outfit is to be simply a government-big-business war combination.

Crowther and the Cherry Tree

KENNETH FEARING

AWAY back in the old days, Bohemian and reprehensible as hell, when I could never be brought to understand why landlords did not want to pay a genius to occupy their otherwise undistinguished and certainly mouldy premises, why coffeepot managers did not hire me at a handsome salary to dine conspicuously at their tables, thus demonstrating that the 25 cents Businessmen's Blue Plate Special (fish-cakes and spaghetti) could actually be eaten and when I used to wonder, particularly, why it was that thrift did not seem to help my problem at all—I used to seek an answer and a consolation in the pages of The Saturday Evening Post.

There I never failed to learn that this was the wealthiest nation in the world; that genius no longer starved in garrets (an especially warming thought on heatless January nights); that the modern industrial and banking magnate never thought of anything except the opportunity to serve; that the American idea (of, say, 1926) was an ever-rising wage scale and every-diminishing unemployment; that the American laboring man (a guy in a square paper hat shaking hands with capital) was forever immune to any un-Saturday Evening Post doctrine; and that industry, plus a little love (they took the true romance formula and put a little English on the ball), inevitably surmounted all obstacles. It was a beautiful dream world, a world of schoolbook legends in which, every week, Abraham Lincoln did his arthmetic lessons on a shovel beside the flickering hearth and Washington could not tell a lie.

Gradually, however, The Saturday Evening Post and I drifted apart. It would take too long to explain in detail the cooling of this great love, but readers of THE NEW MASSES will understand and possibly sympathize. And then, recently, our paths crossed again. We met in the February 1 issue, to be exact, and it touched a lot of old wounds.

The leading article was an interview with Henry Ford, by Samuel Crowther and it was called "The Only Real Security." Well, what is the only real security—bread and shelter? Jobs? Job insurance? Old-age pensions? The barest guaranties to youth? Don't be a dope, you dope, it is nothing so sordid. Although it took some little time to track down the answer through this blizzard of platitudes, it turned out that security is a shining, ethereal phantom half opportunity (not our old friend who knocks but once—this is his ghost), half individual liberty and half, I believe, cigar-store Indian.

There is nothing surprising in the above, coming from The Saturday Evening Post and it is gratifying to know that somewhere in this exploding world there can be, in spite of nature's laws, such a thing as absolute stability. The magazine and presumably its readers, is just as it was in the days of President McKinley, whom, it seems likely, they will boom for the coming elections. But what I found interesting and had to admire in the article was the way in which it took the other leg—the one not in the grave—and subtly, firmly gave the boot to a whole lot of radical ideas that in recent years have been undermining every dividend we hold sacred.

After a few opening, after-dinner remarks in which Crowther quotes Ford as stating, with true Christian forbearance, that no one has harmed him and he has no complaints, that the only thing of real value he owns is his experience and that if his little factory were taken away from him the only loss would be that of his opportunity to serve, the two of them roll up their sleeves and really get to work. The first group of we dreamers, bombthrowers, crooks and other mistaken idealists to be bopped over the head is, of course, the Communists.

It seems, to begin with, that Mr. Ford himself has contributed engineering designs (at cost) to Russia, not because he had a sincere and lasting love for Communism but because "he believed that the sooner the Russians were taught to produce wealth, the sooner their minds would be taken off social star gazing." (What, we aren't base materialists any more, Mr. Ford?) But, although the Russians were decent enough to show their gratitude by forgetting all about Communism and, instead of it, took to building automotive plants, the American Communists turned out to be a bunch of desperadoes absolutely beyond redemption. You know what they did? Why, in Detroit a while ago they collected five hundred men, few of whom were from Detroit (Spanish noblemen incognito, I imagine), most of whom had never worked anywhere (with so many jobs to pick from, how do you expect a guy to choose?), none of whom belonged to any recognized union (well, what union do you recognize, Mr. Ford?) and marched to the Ford plant. "Eventually they reached the plant and staged a riot which resulted in several deaths. But the point is this—" And what do you suppose the real point is? That there were a few odd murders? Don't be crazy, the

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...ficant fact is that a group of Soviet engineers were present, "learning to take back to Communist Russia what the American Communists were bent on destroying" and that they—too bad we have only Mr. Crowther's word for it—jeered at the spectacle.

This disposes of Communism as a road to security and if you don't see how it does, I'm sorry, I can't help you either. But what about home relief? You might think this practical, though negligibly administered, measure might offer a kind of security, but you're wrong again. The people "want to be secure in opportunity. They don't mean they are willing to sell their souls for a guaranty that someone will throw bread and money into their windows every morning." And with an equally humane, self-sacrificing logic Mr. Ford and Mr. Crowther foreclose upon the idea of anyone offering anything to youth, except, of course, it's metaphysical "chance." Also upon the lunatic notion of shorter work hours, with a spreading of the work. And even the Townsendites come in for a very polite and tactful throttling. "The business of the world would not go on very well if suddenly we took out of it the men who had passed their sixtieth birthday, for then we should take out the experience and the mature judgment which steady action."

Altogether, reading the article was like being privileged for twenty minutes to hold the bony hand of some dearly beloved but long, long departed. And the real nugget which, with true newspaperman instincts, I have saved for the last and most obscure paragraphs, is this: ". . . the Soviet government did me [Mr. Samuel Crowther] the honor of pirating my first book with Mr. Ford, cutting out what they did not like and publishing the remainder as a state document. Out of that publication grew the Five Year Plan."

This is news indeed and I am sorry to report that The Daily Worker didn't publish it even in the "What's On" column, let alone the 24-point headline that it deserved. But this recognition of Mr. Crowther's services, though a little late, is nevertheless from the heart. Thanks, old man. We didn't think you had it in you.

Yet something tells me, even when life for this vacillating intellectual is at its darkest, that a hundred years from now childish, prattling voices will never, never, never be lifted to say:

"Daddy, tell me about the time Mr. Samuel Crowther chopped down the Five Year Plan with his little hatchet."

Our Readers' Forum

A Letter From Rockwell Kent

To the friends of the Vermont quarry workers now on strike—and their enemies.

I have been in the past both a common laborer and a skilled workman, a carpenter. As carpenter I was a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Union No. 307, Winona, Minnesota, Card No. 236. As an artist and a writer I am still a workman, producing things to sell. During a strike in which I was one of the participants, an old Norwegian foreman carpenter spoke up. "I am with the working-men," he said, "[illegible] fight with them as long as I am alive. And [illegible]n I am dead I hope they will carry my body a[illegible]g with them." That is *my* position, and it [illegible]ld be the position of every respectable citizen. [illegible]re is only one just claim to citizenship; it is [illegible] a man be willing to *earn his living.*

[illegible]he Vermont strikers—I know their case—are g[illegible] men, capable every one of them of earning m[illegible] than his living; and clamoring, *fighting,* for th[illegible]ight to earn no more than barely that. Decent pe[illegible]e will support them heart and soul, and those wh[illegible]can, with pocketbook.

I [illegible]el too strongly about the whole labor situation to ve[illegible]nture, with the success of your meeting in mind, [illegible] tell my whole views; but I may say that I am [illegible]ppalled by the humility, the lack of manly pride, the slavish self-abasement of our working classes in that the most they are fighting for is so little. One doesn't have to ask the strike sympathizers to give; they will. But one must say to the hard-boiled opponents of the voiced aspirations of organized labor, "Give labor everything it wants; and thank your God it is so little."

You asked me in your letter to tell the audience about the hardships of a Vermont winter. I am known as one who has lived for some years in the arctic. I have spent two winters several hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle in Greenland. The striking Vermont marble workers are enduring, in a winter like the present, a temperature that is frequently many degrees below the normal "very-cold" of the arctic that I know, and frequently several degrees colder than the coldest weather there on record. There are four ways for man to fortify himself against this cold. They are: good housing, fuel, food and clothes. Stint a man on any one of these and it puts a greater burden on the rest. In America these requisites cost money. They cost at least that decent living wage for which these marble workers of Vermont are striking. *They are striking for just that.* Striking because they are not receiving it; and in striking they are enduring, in Vermont, hardships approaching those of Washington's soldiers at Valley Forge. Their cause is just as good.

If I were standing on your platform saying these things, I would put my thoughts across with all the fervor and conviction of a man to whom the issue is a vital one. If you have with you at your meeting one with the gifts of a Patrick Henry or Mark Antony, give him this to read, that your listeners may feel the earnestness behind the written words.

Ausable Forks, N. Y. ROCKWELL KENT.

Wanted: New Masses

In my travels I have noted that outside of New York few public libraries carry THE NEW MASSES. This is such a crime against the brains of the American people that I wish every reader would take this up in his community. Many libraries don't take the magazine because of lack of funds. Local readers might make up a collection to help their home town to a weekly dose of freedom.

EDWARD FRIEDWALD.

Y.M.C.A., Reno, Nevado.

Inquiry and Reply

There is no NEW MASSES in the Kalamazoo library. Surely there is some progress and enlightenment in Kalamazoo and the price of NEW MASSES?

In reply to Ann Seaver, would say I am all for oil sanctions against Mussolini, whatever the big oil companies do to stop such a people's sanction.

Kalamazoo, Mich. E. W.

Dangerous Christmas Thoughts

Fear of "dangerous thoughts" doesn't seem to be confined to Japan; it is shared by the postal authorities in our colonies. My wife and I, last December, sent a bulky four-page mimeographed Christmas letter to our numerous friends in Hawaii. We sealed the flaps of some of them, since we are pacifists, with anti-war stickers. A friend in Honolulu wrote us as follows:

"Save your anti-war stamps for Americans on the mainland. Here the postal people clipped your envelope to inspect the contents. They expected something Red, I imagine, but found your Christmas greetings."

JOHN E. REINECKE.

New Haven, Conn.

A Dentist on Art

I was inspired by the excellent article you printed by Ralph W. Pearson, entitled, "Money for Art." I'm no artist, amateur or professional, just a hard-working dentist, but I can understand you are a thousand-percent correct, Mr. Pearson, when you say, "the rebuilding of one's atitudes of mind in one department facilitates the rebuilding in others." The same fundamental problems of capitalism bind workers and professional and urge them to join in the building of a new society on a higher plane of service, not profit.

Cleveland, Ohio. WILLIAM E. LEE, D.D.S.

Slaves in Georgia

I have some material concerning the waitresses and waiters in this town. For example, the girls average four dollars a week. seven days a week, twelve to fourteen hours a day. They get their meals free, but in some places they must also wash and iron linen. It is assumed they get tips, but this is a college town and how many students can afford to tip, when they just can managed to pay $22.50 a month for their board?

Athens, Ga. F. X. C.

The Anthracite Poems

Do let me congratulate you for including the two poetry pages, "From the Anthracite" in your recent issue. One seldom finds poems these days that the layman can understand and truly enjoy.

BERYL POWELL.

No. Caldwell, N. J.

It Can Happen Here

Why has THE NEW MASSES had no mention of the outstanding attempt of pro-fascist censorship? I refer to the banning by M. G. M. of Sidney Howard's scenario of Sinclair Lewis' book *It Can't Happen Here.*

It is reported that Producer Mayer wrote to Howard he didn't like the anti-fascist angle in it and planned to substitute "an anti-Communist angle instead!" Italy and Germany have praised Hollywood's action in this regard. I have known you often to call for protests against the showing of some anti-labor film; wouldn't a mass protest exert enough pressure to compel the production of this important book in an *honest* picture?

New York. G. A. RALEIGH.

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what hidden FACTS
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in his first public speech in the U. S. since his return from Europe? and by

Rep. V. MARCANTONIO

in his first public speech in New York since his arrest in the W. P. A. protest?

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

John Dewey, Marxism and the United Front

PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY, recognized in most quarters as the outstanding philosopher of contemporary America, has always stood for the method of intelligence in establishing social aims and in effecting social change. In his most recent book, *Liberalism and Social Action*,[1] he makes what is for him the momentous statement that intelligence itself may at some juncture point to the use of force as the way of progress in the affairs of a nation.

> The one exception [Dr. Dewey writes], and that apparent rather than real—to dependence upon organized intelligence as the method for directing social change is found when society through an authorized majority has entered upon the path of social experimentation leading to great social change, and a minority refuses by force to permit the method of intelligent action to go into effect. *Then force may be intelligently employed to subdue and disarm the recalcitrant minority.* [Italics mine.]

This by no means implies that Professor Dewey has lost his abhorrence of violent revolution or his hope that a just and rational social system in the United States may be attained through peaceful democratic procedures. It does mean that he recognizes that stern measures may ultimately be justified against a reactionary and undemocratic minority.

Earlier in the book Professor Dewey pays his respects to a large portion of the American ruling class. "Any frank discussion of the issue," he says, "must recognize the extent to which those who decry the use of violence are themselves willing to resort to violence and are ready to put their will in operation. Their fundamental objection is to change in the economic institution that now exists, and for its maintenance they resort to the use of the force that is placed in their hands by this very institution. They do not need to advocate the use of force; their only need is to employ it." And he goes on to note the constant overt violence in times of crisis, the coercive aspects of the legal system and the recurrent resort to war to settle disputes among nations. Here Dewey makes it perfectly clear that he understands the violence inherent in the existing institutions of even so-called democratic countries.

Now John Dewey has for a long time advocated the setting up of a truly socialized society in place of the present profit system and has for many years properly belonged in any genuine liberal and radical united front. But such statements as I have quoted ought to convince even the most left-wing forces in the labor movement that Dewey has an important place, if he will take it, in the current united front actions. In fact, if there is to be in America a broad People's Front such as we have seen winning increasing strength in France, the inclusion of a man like Dewey is something most earnestly to be desired. Whatever mistakes Professor Dewey has made, however sharp his criticisms of various groups, he still remains the leading American intellectual. And his wide interests and activities, ranging from art and philosophy to education and economics, his unquestioned ability and vigor, his large following both in this country and internationally, make him a singularly significant and influential figure.

I have mentioned at the beginning Professor Dewey's analysis of force in society, not because it is the most central feature in his philosophy or necessarily in anyone else's, but because it is the newest indication of a growing social realism on his part. As a matter of fact, there are a number of other important points in Dewey's general position which the more radical elements should find distinctly congenial. If Marxists, for instance, with their allegiance to the philosophy of Dialectical Materialism, find it wise and fruitful to enter into united fronts with religious-minded Protestant churchmen and even with Catholics, there is little reason why they should not cooperate with Dewey and his school of thought, which stands for a world view similar to Marxism in several fundamental aspects. The philosophy of Dewey, which is perhaps most accurately to be termed evolutionary Naturalism, sends completely into the discard all supernatural forces and entities and sees man, together with his mind, as a product of nature, intelligent enough and self-reliant enough to push his own way forward on the earth that is his home. This system rules out personal immortality through its insistence on the monistic psychology which holds to the unity and inseparability of mind and body. Nor is there in it any place for a God.

Regarding this last point, not so long ago I myself criticized Professor Dewey severely on what I considered his illegitimate use of the word "God" in his book, *A Common Faith*. There he suggested as a definition of God the "active relation between ideal and actual," though maintaining a general position in which atheism was implicit. The wide discussion which Dewey's definition aroused led him to make clear that he himself did not favor the use of the term "God" in his philosophy, but that those who *did* use the word *ought* to use it in the sense he had indicated.

Of course, this may sound over-technical, but it is important because it means that John Dewey repudiates those who have interpreted him as believing in God. It also brings him nearer to the Marxist position, though Marxists would still decry Dewey's retention of the word "religious" as applying to movements which have no element of supernaturalism connected with them.

When we come to Dr. Dewey's theory of knowledge, we find that he differs on the more technical details from Communism, but that in his general reliance on scientific method and his emphasis on the dynamic quality of mind he is close to the viewpoint of Marx, Engels and Lenin. Unfortunately, however, Dewey's style is not always altogether clear; and this fact has helped to cause many a misinterpretation of him. For example, Dewey has sometimes talked about "creative" intelligence and has been misinterpreted as upholding the thesis of Hegel and the Idealists, that the mind spins the material world out of itself. Yet nothing could be further from Dewey's thought; for the objective, independent and primary existence of the material universe is one of the basic principles of the Deweyian philosophy. What Dewey means by "creative" intelligence is that very ability of the human mind, so stressed in Dialectic Materialism, of analyzing existing situations and then thinking out new syntheses to be actualized through human effort and the manipulation of objective materials.

Nor is Dewey's theory of experimentation and proof very far removed from that of leading Marxist authorities. In his report to the seventeenth Congress of the Communist

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WILL
MARCANTONIO
reveal on March 1st

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[1] G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1935. $1.50.

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Party of the Soviet Union Stalin quotes approvingly from Lenin:

> There is no such thing as absolutely hopeless positions. The bourgeoisie behaves like an arrogant brigand who has lost his head; it commits blunder after blunder, thus making its position more acute and hastening its own doom. All this is true. But it cannot be "proved" that there are absolutely no possibilities whatever for it to lull a certain minority of the exploited with certain concessions, for it to suppress a certain movement or uprising of a certain section of the oppressed and exploited. To try to "prove" beforehand that a position is "absolutely" hopeless would be sheer pedantry or playing with concepts and catchwords. *Practice alone can serve as real "proof" in this and similar questions.* [Italics mine.] The bourgeois system all over the world is experiencing a great revolutionary crisis. And the revolutionary parties must now "prove" by their practice that they are sufficiently intelligent and organized, have contacts with the exploited masses, are sufficiently determined and skillful to utilize this crisis for a successful and victorious revolution.

While John Dewey is, of course, no revolutionary, he would certainly agree with Lenin's assertion that "Practice alone can serve as real 'proof'." Indeed, Dewey has been proclaiming this very idea throughout most of his career. Proof through practice is a foundation principle of his whole thought. And, like Lenin, he would apply this formula in social and economic affairs as well as in technical scientific and philosophical problems. Such a position is a far cry from William James' much misunderstood "will to believe," which Dewey is at times wrongly alleged to have taken over.

I wish that I had the space to go into other similarities between Dewey and the Marxists, such as their mutual insistence on man as a social animal whom environment and education can mold in well-nigh any direction. At the same time I would like to analyze some of the really fundamental and irreducible differences between the philosophy of Dewey and of Marxism. But I think enough has been said to establish my point, namely, that whether Marxists or anyone else in the labor movement are concerned, John Dewey can serve most usefully and appropriately in any true liberal-radical united front in America and in the formation of a Farmer-Labor Porty. CORLISS LAMONT.

Fascist Arithmetic

IF I HAVE FOUR APPLES, by Josephine Lawrence. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THE campaign is on. One of the steps toward American fascism is this growing flood of propaganda to "face things realistically," to stabilize on a new reduced level, to accept the hardships that the capitalist crisis has thrust upon the working class. And like it. It is very necessary that we take it and like it. Because the powers that be have admitted that they have no longer any hope of lifting this country out of the economic mess into which they have plunged it. Their only solution, like Hitler's, like Mussolini's, is to praise sacrifice, to exalt going without. Scarcity, repression, blind obedience—that's the theory and there is war at its far end.

The issue is drawn between those who accept the present economic order as necessary and inevitable and would try to mold humanity to it—and those who seek consciously to mold the economic order to the needs of humanity.

If that first terrible premise is accepted, the argument goes on relentlessly and logically. Human desires, needs, even lives, will have to be sacrificed. Certain conditions exist in this time of capitalist crisis and under those conditions human needs cannot be fulfilled. That road leads straight into fascism, into the regimentation of humanity as a helpless appendage of the profit system.

Josephine Lawrence has witten a book, *If I Have Four Apples,* that is one long propaganda tract for this bitter theory and it is all the more dangerous in that it is well written and, once its ugly premise is taken for granted, very plausible.

Briefly, her thesis can be summed up in the reiterated statement that the working class can't add. If I have four apples and two are taken away from me, I seem to go on perversely wanting four apples. Miss Lawrence says I shouldn't want four apples. I have no right to want more than I have.

The book deals with the fortunes of the Hoe family, as silly, pretentious and futile a lot of lower-middle-class or upper-working-class people as ever were assembled under one mortgaged roof. And they have aspirations! Ridiculous, isn't it? Dallas wants to go to college, Darthula wants a modernistic living room, Synthia wants to be a dancer, Father Penter wants to own his own home.

The fat, slovenly, improvident mother of this brood actually wanted good food for her family, too. She parroted a silly phrase over and over: "The best is none too good for my family." The meddlesome newspaper woman and social worker, mouthpiece for the author, tries vainly to convince her that she should economize, quit her part-time job in a department store, retire to the kitchen (where have we heard that phrase before?) and devote her time to assembling stews and canning cheap fruit. She should realize that, God and the profit system having so decreed, the Hoe family must be content with its lot, must never lift covetous eyes to the class that has a "right" to good food and eelctric ice-boxes and paying jobs and the other desirable things in life.

Obviously the cards are heavily stacked against the Hoes. They are straw dummies, animated types, set up to be easily knocked down. But even at that, so well are the types drawn, the illusion of reality creeps in. And if you once find yourself believing that Penter Hoe is a real human being instead of a thesis-dummy, you begin to see a tragedy in his life. He wanted a house, he wanted to own his own home; he believed that "people who buy their own homes are the backbone of a nation." A mild little man, that jerry-built house was his whole life, his only interest, his only vice. Frustrated by a world he didn't understand, he clung to that one desire, that one belief. And it was a harmless belief. The masters of his world could have had a beautifully meek slave in him if they had only granted him that one desire. But at the moment it paid better to foreclose. . . .

It may be pathetic and foolish for a man like Panter Hoe to hold up a stodgy house as a symbol of all the desirable things of life, but it is at least understandable. With his world contracting about him, with hardship and trouble closing in on him, he clung all the harder to that one of the prime requisites of human life, shelter.

This problem is presented, not sympathetically, but with bitterest contempt. These people can't have these things, Miss Lawrence says. Stupidly, they try for them in the face of their obvious impossibility. They try to stretch a scanty income to include all the necessities and some of the luxuries of life. They can't add. THEY CAN'T ADD! You get pretty sick of that phrase before you finish her book (if you actually are able to finish it).

Throughout the whole story runs a contempt, not in the least veiled, for the working class. Young Dallas flunked in school, because his mind, trained to practicality in a scientific machine-ruled world, gagged at memorizing Latin and the names of obscure British poets. But his failure is held up as a good reason why he should never have considered going to college. Penter Hoe los his house. And because under an economic system of which they are the victims they failed to prosper, they are called improvident and stupid. "They can't add."

Now, there is more to this complex economic machine of ours than simple addition; it never occurs to Miss Lawrence that pos-

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sibly these "stupid" workers really can add correctly, but, unlike her, are not satisfied with the result. Simple addition brings to light an astonishing inequality in the present distribution of goods in this world; from there we go on to ask for a better system. Some of us go out consciously to demand a remodeling of the economic set-up; many of us, like Penter Hoe, go at it blindly, not thinking the problem through clearly, but just instinctively demanding more of the things that our labor has created. Miss Lawrence and her class, resting blandly on their obvious two-and-two-make-four, fail to realize the more solid geometric grounds in which they are woefully ignorant and in which the working class has its instinctive footing.

If I have four apples—and two are taken from me . . .

I must let them go. I must not want four apples, ever, any more. There are apples in the world, but they are not for me. My pay has been cut; I no longer have a right to the golden apples of plenty.

For a little while I and the rest of the working class earned good wages. Under the whip of high-pressure installment salesmanship we spent money lavishly, that there might be profits and dividends for the right people. But we must now give all that up, for it is no longer profitable to produce so much. Apples will be produced and sold to me, but in reduced quantities, for scarcity means profit. Good-bye to the apples of life. . . .

Don't Miss the SOVIET UNION in 1936

The intelligent traveler cannot afford to overlook the U.S.S.R. in his European vacation plans in 1936. Drawing towards the completion of its Second Five Year Plan, the Soviet Union is making rapid changes in industry, agriculture and in all fields of culture. Rates for tourists have not changed from previous years. They are still $5.00 per day third class; $8.00 tourist class and $15.00 first class. The recent stabilization of the rouble is an advantage in the purchase of travel incidentals. The daily tour rates cover all essentials: hotels, meals, all transportation on tour, sightseeing daily, trained guide-interpreters. Tours range from 5 to 31 days and include Moscow, Leningrad, down the Volga, through the Caucasus, Crimea and Ukrainian cities. To and from the Far East, the Trans-Siberian Express gives fastest and least expensive service. Write to Intourist for illustrated booklet and colored map NM-3 of the U.S.S.R.

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A straight fascist argument that Goebbels could approve. For failing to accept the flat statement: "You can't have these things," for failing to have logical arguments against it, Penter Hoe and his kind are condemned as fools.

On the grounds of literature this book is negligible. If it gets so much space here it is only because on the grounds of propaganda it is very important indeed. More subtle writers may build on this brutal foundation.

DALE CURRAN.

From the Inside

THE SURROUNDED, by D'Arcy McNickle. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

THERE seems to me a poignancy, forceful far beyond the words, in the legend D'Arcy McNickle has had set opposite the title page of his first novel:

> —They called that place Sniel-emen (Mountains of the Surrounded) because there they had been set upon and destroyed.

Maybe that is because I am infinitely suggestible, but I think more like it is because, having read the narrative, I recognize the truth with which this sentinel passage holds forth the essential tragic history of the Salish people and the fate of those characters, domiciled without peace on the Flathead reservation (Montana) in our time, who have chosen Mr. McNickle to tell their story in this book. The Salish, I should add to avoid all unclarity, are identical with the tribe libelously called Flatheads today.

The essentials of Salish history get into *The Surrounded* partly through the musing recollections of Father Grepilloux, a Jesuit grown old in the mission service and now returned to the scene of his most treasured labors to die. *Per contra,* with emphasis, we get a very different view of the same sequence from the mouths of aged Indians seated round the fire where tepees are pitched for a family gathering or a tribal ceremony. In the second instance it becomes evident that the simple Salish sought Deity in Jesuit uniform not through a miraculous yearning for the one true God, but because they had reached an impasse in their conflict with the enemies by which they were surrounded and wanted the stronger medicine carried by the Sons of Loyola, of whom they had heard from the Hudson Bay Company's Iroquois canoemen. By the same logic, as Jesuit and government seem to bring to the Salish not a better but a steadily worse lot, we see vividly typified in the character of the protagonist's mother a tendency to return to ancient tribal practices and gods. Not the confessional but the whip of the old Salish rite of purification finally gives her peace and rest.

Especially noteworthy about *The Surrounded* is that it's told by one who is on the inside looking out. There is no extra-reser-

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vational element hauled in by the ears to urnish climactic melodrama. The writing is newed, the images sharp, the action mus-lar, the gesture always clear. Yet the ole text is saturated with the sights, unds and smells of the great valley south of Flathead Lake and the feel of the place with its overshadowing precipitous mountains is transcribed with a rare sensitivity toward atmosphere, color and line.

And *character*—late as it is to come to that. It is difficult to say which of the major personages in the book is most surely and clearly drawn: Max, the powerful and disappointed though successful father of the protagonist. The protagonist himself, Archilde, the young man who comes back home for a look around and becomes too deeply involved in the traps and entanglements laid for the Surrounded ever to get away. The old mother, living apart in her cabin and as enigmatic to her husband as when she was bearing him their eleven children. Elise, the maverick blanketfellow of Archilde, who goes amuck with a Winchester against the sheriff and thus evokes the final catastrophe. The two kids, Narcisse and Mike, who take to the woods after a session at the Jesuit school. Father Grepilloux, who dies beloved, with the Salish still an unsolved puzzle, though hardly recognized as such, to his benevolent mind. . . . Oh, well. This reviewer will have to beg off with the statement that the book made him realize he hadn't read any novels about Indians before. Nothing else is like it, or likely to be, unless it's another by the same author. And Sovkino could make a grand movie of it, at that.

J. MACMURROUGH.

Flight and Return

JOURNEY INTO FREEDOM, by Klaus Mann, English version by Rita Reil. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN WHICH the son of a famous father (Thomas Mann) who has proved to be, on the whole, a sort of German Cocteau, plus a degree of social consciousness forced upon him by exile, gives us his strongest book to date, but one that is still rather wide of the mark.

Flucht in den Norden ("Northern Flight") is a novelistic study of an attempted flight from reality, on the part of a German girl Communist, caught in the Hitler catastrophe. The escape, for that is what it is, takes the form of a love affair with a young country squire in Finland. The English title is really a misnomer, inasmuch as the *Journey into Freedom* only begins with the book's close, with the heroine's return to the struggle. There is considerable muddling of the erotic-social problem, while the treatment of the German Communist movement displays that "romantic distortion" of which Johannes Becher has accused Feuchtwanger and other exiles. Vague, semi-veiled allusions to "dynamite attacks," etc.

There is a certain laboredness in the character building and plot elements. The story in English owes no little to Rita Reil's truly creative version. It is pleasant and slightly annoying reading. The chief thing one senses, perhaps, is a certain *distance* from the revolutionary scene, a distance that lends enchantment in the more literal meaning of that word.

SAMUEL PUTMAN.

Marx's Method

THE POVERTY OF PHILOSOPHY, by Karl Marx. International Publishers. $1.25.

MARX wrote this attack on Proudhon's *The Poverty of Philosophy* during the winter of 1846-7, when he was only twenty-eight. The consistent development of his revolutionary doctrine is emphasized by a study of this early work, which expounds, in essence, the methods and conclusions which were to find supreme expression twenty years later in the first volume of *Capital.*

The Poverty of Philosophy is a vigorous analysis of the French anarchist's confused theoretical approach to the problems of the working class. From his discussions in Paris with Proudhon, Marx had learned a good deal, but the main lesson which had been driven home was the terrible danger implicit in the attitude of a proletarian theorist whose vision was everywhere bounded by the inherited horizon of bourgeois philosophy. In order to examine Proudhon's conceptions, Marx had to write a critique of the entire framework of contemporary thought. As he pointed out in his foreword, Proudhon was reputed to be a good German philosopher in France and a good French economist in Germany. It was necessary to protest against this double error, for Proudhon was commanding a dangerous amount of attention. It was a critical period during which a confusion of solutions was being offered to the workers; a wrong theoretical approach might sidetrack the growing revolutionary movement for a generation.

More, indeed, was to be feared, at the moment, from the bourgeois anarchist than from the out-and-out bourgeois writers and the main force of Marx's attack on Proudhon is derived from his perception that Proudhon, while employing a vocabulary which seemed to suggest a new social order, was in fact playing directly into the hands of the industrialists. Proudhon's emancipation of the proletariat was nothing more than a rewording of the ancient formula of working-class slavery. Marx divided his analysis into two parts: an attack on Proudhon's theory of "constituted value" and a criticism of his application of Hegelianism to political economy. In his pitiless exposure of Proudhon, Marx develops the theory of historical materialism, which is as far as possible from Proudhon's search for abstractions like "free association," "eternal justice" and "immutable nature." The keynote of Marx's criticism is struck in one sentence: "But in the real world, things happen otherwise." By an investigation into the operations of the real world, Marx arrives at the central conclusion that "the antagonism between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie is a struggle of class against class, a struggle which carried to its highest expression is a total revolution."

No student of Marxism can afford to overlook this new translation which International Publishers has just added to its Marxist Library. This edition contains an introduction by Engels as well as appendices by Marx and Engels on Free Trade.

WALTER RALSTON.

JOHN L.
SPIVAK'S
first
public speech
on his return
•
see page 21

Gentility Gone Rough

THE OLD MAN'S PLACE, by John B. Sanford. A. & C. Boni. $2.50

THIS latest type of "thriller" starts like a forerunner of the novels of happier age that can take "class-consciousness" for granted. In 1920 Trubee Pell, vengeful because he remained "good little Trubee" too long, returns to "the old man's tattered New England farm with James Pilgrim, lifelong guttersnipe, loathsome yet appealing, and Martin Flood, Nebraska rub who has found out "what a soft life it is fc. a strong man" and beats everyone up until Farmer Pell kills him, whereupon Trubee takes the blame. Trubee's psychological changes, though plausible, give the effect of Saturday night conversions; his father is only a figurehead of the Yankee stock that holds on to its land as to its integrity; the girl is from a magazine cover; and the villain Flood is an arch-fiend, brutality in the bulk. The insistence on formerly unprintable language and on gory and filthy details sounds like a personal "taking it out" until it becomes a "line." The abrupt collapse after unusually keen sketches of the three inwardly despoiled

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down-and-outers seems due chiefly to an opportunistic abuse of good material and talent. The genteel tradition has gone rough. And in the latest development of the "hard-boiled" bourgeois school, not only Hemingway and Hammett but "rough" and "radical" are treacherously allied. Murder and sudden death seem about all there is to "looking facts in the face." The masses have become fashionable; like the middle-western farmers of fifteen years ago, the disinherited are now being invited to publishers' teas. And just listen to the dirty language of the Great Unwashed! It is hard for a guileless reader to differentiate between a proletarian subject and a proletarian point of view. Irresponsible books like this warn the revolutionary writers to be morally and stylistically more careful than ever. Proletarian literature will have to be on guard against the circumstantial evidence of imitations—which, incidentally, bear witness to its success.

EVA GOLDBECK.

Cat-Calls

CAT-CALLS, by Peggy Bacon. Robert M. McBride. $2.50.

PEGGY BACON is a far more able artist with the brush and pen than she is with the typewriter and so the little illustrative ink drawings on the left-hand pages of this book are as a general rule more interesting than the poems on the right-hand pages.

The drawings are consistently crisp, accurate and complete; the verses less often so. This is not to say that the poems are not pleasing as well, for they are and some of them—"False Front," "The Watching Hour," "Illusion," etc.—have a compactness and sureness that quite equals that of the drawings.

When they fail, it is usually because Miss Bacon has tried to put more into them than they will hold. They are designed as "light" verse, but Miss Bacon lacks both the easy mastery of that form and the willingness to limit herself to finish and form alone that mark other practitioners in that field. Trying to go a little further than they, she occasionally stumbles over a rhyme.

ROBERT M. COATES.

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Music

The Development of "Swing"

ALTHOUGH the acceptance of radio almost knocked the phonograph industry off the map, it is the very radio programs sponsored by advertisers which are reviving interest in records. The reason for the come-back of the classical recordings is simple and obvious: there is no medium except the phonograph where good music is on tap whenever one wishes it. Sunday concessions are not enough and the only other extended programs of chamber music, opera and symphony occur on week-day afternoons, a time so inconvenient for the masses of people that advertisers have wisely left it free.

It is not only in the field of classics that the phonograph has out-distanced its rival. THE NEW MASSES last week spoke of the excellent mass songs of Hanns Eisler and other left musical leaders, naturally taboo on advertiser-sponsored radio, which have recently been recorded. There is also the phenomenon of informal "swing" or improvised jazz, which is considered by the radio moguls too advanced for popular consumption. And finally there is the great mass of Negro blues, stomps and work-songs which air officials have decided are without interest to the vast majority of listeners. Advertising executives have a way of feeling that their own tastes are necessarily those of the public; the result is an endless procession of hackneyed and uninspired entertainment.

In this bi-weekly column on recorded music, much emphasis will be placed on our popular music, particularly the kind that swings. There has been much decrying in the past of the sterility of our serious composers as well as the bankruptcy of American music in general, and if one were to judge it only by the works of such people as Roy Harris and Walter Piston there would be good reason for the gloom. But right at our back door we have not only genuine, unpretentious music that in other countries would be dignified by the prefix folk, but instrumentalists who by their ingenuity and invention are responsible for making it important.

This swing music, we'll leave out the quotes in the future, was once known as "hot," which simply meant improvised with rhythmic and technical assurance. It has practically no literature of its own, for its players are quite content to work with the most banal of Broadway tunes or take traditional blues chords and fashion their own improvisation. Sometimes big bands like Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington have been able to improvise collectively with magnificent effect, but more often the music comes from a few soloists sitting down together after work and playing either for their own satisfaction or that of a small, sympathetic and very informal audience.

In its own way this music is a revolutionary departure from accepted Tin Pan Alley standards. Its exponent consciously or subconsciously realizes the banality of the material, imposes his own musical and harmonic ideas on its structure and gives it a vitality the unhappy composer never intended. For the great instrumentalists of the day to swing out is an escape, not from essentials, but from the stifling mediocrity imposed upon them by leaders who are primarily showmen and managers who are interested only in commercial returns and scared of anything the public might not grasp at first hearing. The energy and emotional intensity that goes into this kind of playing is not exceeded even by the Szigetis and Feuermanns of the concert world, who have something of the rhythmic fire that belongs to the greatest of the informal improvisers.

Obviously, Negroes are on the whole the greatest exponents of real swing, although the present-day connotations of the word imply a sophistication and subtlety which only the most developed of musicians possess. The technical assurance, melodic invention and inner fire of such individuals as Coleman Hawkins and Leon Berry on the tenor saxophone, Jay Higginbotham on trombone and Bill Basie, Teddy Wilson and Fats Waller on piano, to cite only a few examples, must be heard to be believed. But the influence of Negroes on the best of white musicians has been tremendous, which is at least a partial explanation for the abandon of Benny Goodman, who, though a successful band leader, is undoubtedly the greatest clarinetist in the country, Joe Sullivan, Bunny Berigan and other white virtuosi.

This genuine and vital music has succeeded in doing many strange things, the most amazing of which is the breaking down of the color line. Although there are not yet any organized black-and-white dance orchestras, there are innumerable places, even in the deep South, where white and colored musicians play together in public after work, defying criticism. Almost any night in Chicago one can find someone like Gene Krupa, Goodman's extraordinary drummer, sitting in with a colored band; even Goodman himself plays spasmodically with the orchestra of Fletcher Henderson, who is his chief arranger.

The phonograph has done wonders in preserving this grand art form from its inception. It was in the early Twenties that the music first developed and at that time it was looked upon with horror, by managers, leaders and cafe-owners alike. The main reason for its great welcome by the phonograph companies is a fairly sordid one: recording managers, seeing that much of the material was original and non-copyrighted, cut themselves in for the lion's share of the royalties.

Bessie Smith's blues records were among the first to feature the finest of swing artists. In her early records, Louis Armstrong played the trumpet in a way that he has never since equalled, corrupted as he has been by ideas of chiseling managers; and Fletcher Henderson, Joe Smith and many other greats got their first big opportunity. It is amusing to note that among the lists of "composers" on the labels one can still find executives and managers who cannot read a note of music.

White musicians had a far harder time than the colored in playing as they wished. About the only place that such a genius Bix Beiderbecke could play was in a reco ing studio, but he was at his greatest a time when the companies were still firn refusing to allow the two races to pla gether. Inasmuch as there was no pla which Bix could make a living by pl as he wished, he finally had to join Whiteman's pretentious orchestra, whe the midst of a flock of uninspired, v musicians he was given a chorus now then in a hotcha number. He drank self to death and so did a majority unappreciated contemporaries, who four cohol and poverty preferable to pla music they detested.

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The record companies first yielded to the demands of white and colored musicians that they be allowed to play together in 1928, when Louis Armstrong made records with such white luminaries as Jack Teagarden and Eddie Lang. Ever since then the standard of improvised jazz has improved. At the moment taste is so high that officials in certain of the companies are beginning to see the necessity of preserving the *great traditional* Negro blues, which are all but forgotten in the success of corruptions like the St. Louis Blues, which owe far more to sophisticated, white standards than to the traditional blues harmonies. The phonograph will soon be the only means we will have for tracing the evolution of our musical culture, since most of the pioneers have either died or changed their styles irrevocably to suit passing tastes.

Up to now there has been absolutely no interest at all expressed in this music by the pretentious, serious American composers. Most of them are not even aware of its existence, as is shown by their work. And it is still difficult to find, for the best of it still flowers in hovels, obscure alley dives, occasionally on New York's haywire Fifty-second Street and in Negro cafes and dance-halls, none of them fitting places for sheltered, subsidized artists. The phonograph, however, is continually producing samples of it, robbed, perhaps, of some of the vitality and abandon of unrehearsed real-life performance, but genuine, nevertheless. No matter what else of interest is happening, we will attempt in the future to list the best of the records still available in the market.

HENRY JOHNSON.

Current Films

Follow the Fleet (RKO-Music Hall): Navy propaganda in this musical film, though less obvious than most others, serves as a brake on Fred Astaire and his dancing. The plot is anaemic, the lyrics only so-so.

Voice of Bugle Ann (M.G.M.-Center): Sentimental, nostalgic little film about some Missouri farmers who raise hounds in order to spend their night "running the fox." Lionel Barrymore plays the lead and makes his part a virtual monologue, except for the voice of Bugle Ann, the canine heroine.

Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount): Once again, we may say that color is here to stay. And our worst fears for the Hollywood color film are being justified. A great deal of money and scientific research have been used to make the film look only a little worse than the penny picture postcards. The story is just about as cheap and phony as the color.

The Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Center): A biographical film about Dr. Samuel Mudd, unjustly accused as an accomplice in the murder of Abraham Lincoln and sent to America's "Devil's Island" at Fort Jefferson, Florida. The first part of the film is quite stirring in its expose of cruel martial law and the lynch spirit. But once it gets to the prison it degenerates into a conventional prison melodrama produced with all of the skill of which John Ford is capable and also a good quota of chauvinism.

P. E.

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Relief from Bore lom

ROBERT FORSYTHE

THE thought that we are living through a trying period of history is perhaps common to all of us and indeed people generally take a sort of masochistic pride in the theory that they may be the last of the Mohicans. I am not at all up on Attila and Alaric or even Ghengis Khan, but I have read that after they were through with their wars very little remained alive. And yet life did go on. On this basis it may be safe to assume that even at the worst there will be humans around to continue things after a next world war, but it is almost equally certain that the majority of us will be missing.

This brings up the question of what is the point of life at a time like this. In the old settled days of 1913, a man in a country such as England knew rather well what his life was to be. If he was well-connected and had money, the chart was plain. He could almost anticipate the day of his death. In a lower stratum he was just as set. There were exceptions, naturally, but the course of life was clearly indicated. If you were rich or of noble birth, you loafed and were a gentleman; if you were born poor, you worked and hoped only that there would be work to go around. In this country it was an age of morality. Sex morality, to be sure; but the greater morality of thrift, hard work and eventually the customary course of Canal Boy to President. It was a deadly existence, which created some of the dullest people ever imagined and a war, at that time, must have been almost a Godsend to men who were so weary of their stodgy wives and stale communities that even death seemed preferable.

What started me on this train of thought was the preface to *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization,* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, which is soon to be published here by Scribner's. They ask themselves why "two aged mortals, both nearing their ninth decade, undertake a work of such magnitude?" They continue by saying that "in our retirement, with daily bread assured, we had nothing to lose by the venture." But there are other couples of seventy-five years with daily bread assured. What they are usually content to do is wait docilely for death, as they have been doing almost from the time of birth. The Webbs had nothing to lose by the venture, but "on the other hand we had a world to gain. . . . This world we have gained and enjoyed."

My feelings in the matter tend to be overheated because I am constantly coming upon congenital slaves who are so anxious to get the harness about them that they start toadying to any possible master during their grammar-school days. If death is to be our final reward an iolent death may bring the end even soo , for God's sake let's live while there is ving to be had. I'm not speaking to evolutionaries. I should think anybody ld be a revolutionary out of sheer enn The Webbs are alive at seventy-five use they dwell among ideas—revolution ideas. It would seem that even the Ch ians who expect their reward in the ne world would object to being bored to nction in this.

When asked what h iad done during the French Revolution, e Abbé Sieyès is reported to have said: ' ived through it." This has always been qu d admiringly, but it strikes me as the ark of a stupid man. There are indiv uls who are content to be born, go th gh life and die. The less they are bot d en route, the happier they are. The egin waiting for the end almost as soo s they arrive. I don't know in what nection the Abbé Sieyès uttered his nons , but it is used almost exclusively by pe vho speak of "living from day to nat they never say is that they eir minds resolutely each morning and keep them closed until sleep overcomes them at night. It absolves them from the necessity of thought or action and gives them the comforting feeling that they are being superior to life. I once had the pleasure of hearing Mr. H. G. Wells say that fascism and Communism were passing fancies which would soon run their course, but even for those who might hold this feeling, it would seem the height of folly to sit idly by and wait for the readjustment to take place automatically. That might be a process of living from day to day, which of course means the opposite of living, but the arrival of fascism in England would almost certainly ruin the pleasure of daily living for an ex-Fabian.

In the past I have had hard words to say about college students and I still have them for the usual senior who votes for *If* as his favorite poem and rushes full length into the servitude of office, factory or Wall Street with the hope only that he will be a well-beloved serf. What I am trying to do, of course, in the least astute fashion, is make revolutionaries of everybody and particularly of the young. It is the only common-sense thing and it pays practical dividends. The most obscene spectacle in the world is a man of forty whose brain is dead. No jury has any right to look askance at a wife who decides to do away with that sort of gentleman, although, by strict logic, the action should be taken by his children.

Somebody once proposed an examination every five years of all citizens, with the purpose of leading directly to the lethal chamber those who could not prove they had some reason for being alive. As a consequence, the millions who were living from day to day would be spared their desultory advance to the grave and be dispatched hence forthwith. The Russian policy of the *chistka* (the Party cleaning) has a germ of the idea, but naturally on a softened scale. Since even its enemies do not deny that the Soviet Union is alive, there is probably no necessity for the full plan, but I offer it to them for future use. If there is a spark of sense left in our own civilization, it will be put into force no later than the Ides of March. I have a list of examination candidates as long as your arm. Practically all of them members of good fraternities.

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Between Ourselves

TICKETS are selling rapidly for the coming NEW MASSES Forum scheduled for the evening of March 1 at Mecca Temple New York City. This meeting will be the first public speech of John L. Spivak since his return from Europe, where he has been our roving correspondent, and hundreds of people have expressed a personal desire to make this into a "welcome home" event.

The entire program of this symposium is devoted to the subject of "Terror Against the People." Spivak will tell from first-hand experiences of the conditions of terror in European countries which he has visited. *Representative Vito Marcantonio will discuss the subject with reference to the United States.*

William E. Browder, of THE NEW MASSES' staff, will be the third speaker, and Ella Reeve Bloor, the chairman. There will be plenty of time for questions provided the audience arrives on time. The meeting is scheduled to begin at 8:30 promptly.

provocative questions involving the
n of physicians in America are
the article *What Is the Doctor's*
by Thomas J. Peterson, appearing
issue. *For a Doctor's Union,* by
*li*nmer, was printed last week. We
oe glad to have readers, especially
s and patients, write us their views on
uestion involved in these articles. We
print just as many letters as possible
his subject in the near future.

eridel Le Sueur's *I Was Marching*
NEW MASSES, Sept. 18, 1934) has
awarded third prize by a group of
judges—Burton Rascoe, John Gould
er, Erskine Caldwell—who selected the
anding" pieces published in Ameri-
agazines between June, 1934 and Sep-
r, 1935. Miss Le Sueur's article shares the third award with Joseph Wood Krutch's *Was Europe a Success.* William H. Cordell and Kathryn Coe Cordell have collected the thirty-eight articles which they consider of key importance, in a volume *American Points of View: A Reader's Guide,* published by Doubleday Doran.

The program of the piano recital for the benefit of the May Department Store strikers and THE NEW MASSES, to be given by Rosalyn Tureck, 1934 Schubert Memorial Prize winner, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Friday evening, March 27, is announced as follows:

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News of two NEW MASSES' writers:

Anna Rochester, who has written reviews on economics for our book section, has just published a study of finance capital in the United States, entitled *Rulers of America.* The Book Union has announced Miss Rochester's book as its February selection.

Michael Blankfort, who has frequently written for our theater department, is the author of a new play, *Crime,* which the Theater of Action will produce for the first time on March 1 at the Civic Repertory Theater. Elia Kazan and Alfred Saxe are the directors of this New Theater League benefit event. (Curtain 8:30 P. M.)

Next week's NEW MASSES will contain four new lithographs by José Clemente Orozco. These lithographs have never been published before and we are pleased to be able to bring our readers this significant new work by one of the greatest living artists.

With this issue we inaugurate a new department to be devoted to a fortnightly review of phonograph records. Henry Johnson, who will edit this section, has had many years of experience in recording music of all kinds. He is himself a musician and has written widely on music.

In an early number we shall publish an investigation by Alfred Hirsch of The National Republic, a monthly magazine issued in Washington, D. C., whose special attraction "The Enemy Within Our Gates" (Registered trade-mark!) offers "information of interest to every patriotic American concerning activities of movements tending to undermine the institutions of the Republic." Information about this labor-hating, Red-baiting, Jew-baiting organ will interest every NEW MASSES reader.

On February 20, 1934, we published a two-page poem by Alfred Kreymborg, *America, America,* which was immediately produced by a number of theater-groups as a mass-recitation. Word has come to us that it has now reached its six-hundredth performance. We would be interested in checking up on this matter since it sounds like a new record. Will members of groups which have produced *America, America* write to this department giving the time and place of their productions?

We have been overwhelmed by the response to the letter by *"Alice R—"* which we published two weeks ago. There have not only been telephone calls and letters for the correspondent but someone has even offered her a job.

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